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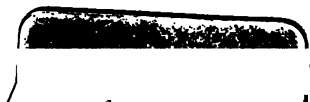
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SELECTIONS IN POETRY.



"BUT hail, ye mighty masters-of-the-lay-,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet-serenely gay,
Amused my childhood and inform'd my youth!
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe-
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide!
Your voice each rugged path-of-life can smoothe;
For well I know wherever-ye-reside
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide."

Bentley's Minstrel, xlii.

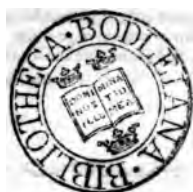


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ERRATA.

- Page 3, line 16, dele "i" in "Leigh."
" 24, " 14, for "Burn's" read "Burns's."
" 25, " 19, for "Wolf" read "Wolfe."
" 32, " 15, for "shall" read "shalt."
" 39, " 2, for "clouded" read "crowded."
" 41, " 8, for "All's for best" read "All's for
the best."
" 49, " 27, for "vie" read "lie."
" 60, " 23, for "boundles" read "boundless."
" 114, " 7, for "gate" read "grate."
" 145, " 7, for "Francesco" read "Francesco."
" 172, " 3, for "Shakespeare" read "Addison."
" 172, " 16, for "antitode" read "antidote."
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SELECTIONS IN POETRY.



The Land of my Birth.

H. E. Burton.

DEAR shades of my country ! dear land of my birth !
Dear hills and dear forests ; dear valleys and streams !
How long shall I roam from thy much beloved earth ,
And only behold thee in memory's dream ?

Ye dark waving pines, whose deep-murmuring boughs
Shed fragrance and gloom on the turf's verdant breast ,
Oh when while pale hare-bells encircle my brow ,
Oh when, in your shadows again shall I rest ?

The sweet evening chime that enchanted my ear ,
As bornè o'er the waters at sunset from far ,
I never again with soft transport shall hear ,
Nor watch the bright vane, that arose like a star .

Dear scenes of my childhood ! dear haunts of my youth !
Ye never may greet me, or echo my name ;
But she who has loved you with ardour and truth
Will still love through absence and distance the same !

My country ! my country ! for *thee* do I weep —
And I sigh to behold thy white rocks and green earth !
In silence I mourn that mine ashes must sleep
Far far from thy bosom, dear land of my birth !

The World Restored.

J. Edmeston, Esq.

THIS world was once a paradise :
When will it be again ?
When sin shall have its overthrow ,
And righteousness shall reign ;
When sea and shore - hill - plain and dell
Shall own thy power , Emmanuel !

Who could look on this universe,
Its ever-varied face ,
Its beautiful sublimities ,
And every softer grace ,—
And not confess how passing fair ,
Had evil never enter'd there ?

The glories of the summer-noon ,
The splendour of the beam ;
The night's more gentle loveliness ,
The moon's delicious gleam :
The woods , the waters , each have shone
With countless beauties of their own .

But how hath man with wickedness
The lovely scene defiled !
War - rapine - murder - cruelty
Transform'd it to a wild ;
And hateful spirits spread their wing
Like fiends in Eden revelling .

And Sin's pale daughter Misery ,
In her Protean forms
Of sickness - pain - mortality -
Contentions - famines - storms ,
Hath claim'd an empire, where before
Peace dwelt, and Gladness hover'd o'er .

Bring back this world , Great Conqueror !
To thy benignant sway ;
Establish Truth in Righteousness ,
And haste the Gospel day :
Then might we hope this earth to see
As like to heaven as earth could be !

From the Missionary Annual, 1833.

A Birth-Day Thought.

Leigh Richmond.

My birthday-of-nature I've oftentimes kept ,
And rejoiced in the revels of youth :
Yet 't was all but a dream ; for I slumber'd and slept ,
Quite a stranger to God and his truth .

But he pitied my soul : I awoke from my sleep ;
And he saved me in infinite love ,
A new birthday my Saviour then taught me to keep ,
For again I was born from above .

And now I believe that the God of all peace
Will be mine till with age I am hoary ,
But if Angels rejoiced at my birthday of Grace
How they 'll sing on my birthday of Glory .

L O V E .

Martin Farquhar Tupper.

THERE is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the Garden
of the heart ;

ITS root lieth deep : it is delicate, yet lasting, as the lilac
crocus of autumn :

LONELINESS and thought are the dews that water it morn
and even ;

MEMORY and ABSENCE cherish it , as the balmy breathings
of the south :

ITS sun is the brightness of Affection , and it bloometh in
the borders of Hope ;

ITS companions are gentle flowers , and the briar withereth
by its side .

I saw it budding in beauty ; I felt the magic of its smile ;
The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose stooped down and
kiss'd it :

AND I thought some cherub had planted there a truant
flower of Eden,

AS a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they may flourish
in a kindly soil .

I saw, and asked-not its name ; I knew no language was
so wealthy,

THOUGH every heart of every clime findeth its echo within .

AND yet what shall I say ? Is a sordid man capable of
Love ?

OR he that changeth often , can he know its truth ?

LONGING for another's happiness , yet often destroying
its own ;

CHASTE, and looking up to God, as the fountain of
tenderness and joy :

Quiet, yet flowing deep, as the Rhine among rivers ;
Lasting, and knowing not change — it walketh with Truth
and Sincerity .

Love : — what a volume in a word , an ocean in a tear ,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch , a millennium in a moment,
What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted love !
For it is that native poetry springing-up indogenous to
Mind .

The heart's own-country music thrilling all its chords ,
The story-without-an-end that angels throng to hear ,
The word, the king of words , carv'd on Jehovah's heart !
Go, call-thou snake-eyed-malice mercy, call envy honest
praise ,
Count selfish-craft for wisdom, and coward-treachery for
prudence,
Do homage to blaspheming unbelief as to bold and free
philosophy

And estimate the recklessness of licence as the right
attribute of liberty , —

But with the world , thou friend and scholar , stain not
this pure name ;

Nor suffer the majesty of Love to be likened to the
meanneſs of desire :

For Love is no more such than seraphs' hymns are
discord ,

And such is no more Love than Etna's breath is summer .

Love is a sweet idolatry enslaving all the soul ,
A mighty spiritual force warring with the dulness of
matter ,

An angel-mind breath'd into a mortal, though fallen yet
how beautiful !

All the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grandeur .
Behold that pale geranium , pent within the cottage-
window ;

How yearningly it stretcheth-to-the-light its sickly long-
stalked leaves ,

How it straineth upward to the sun , coveting his sweet
influences ,

How real a living sacrifice to the god of all its worship !
Such is the soul that loveth ; and so the rose-tree of
affection

Bendeth its every leaf to look on those dear eyes ,
Its every blushing petal basketh in their light ,
And all its gladness , all its life , is hanging on their love .

If the love-of-the-heart is blighted , it buddeth not again ;
If that pleasant song is forgotten , it is to be learnt no
more :

Yet often will thought look back , and weep over early
affection ;

And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as
a reproachful spirit ,

Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert-of-the-heart ,
Where the hot siroccos of the world have withered its one
oasis .

The Hapsak .

OH ! know'st thou why , to distance driven ,
When friendship weeps the parting hour ,
The simplest gift , that moment given ,
Long , long , retains a magic power ?

Still, when its meets the musing view ,
Can half the theft of time retrieve ,
The scenes of former bliss renew ,
And bid each dear idea live .

It boots not if the pencil'd rose
Or sever'd ringlet meet the eye :
Or India's sparkling gems disclose
The talisman of sympathy .

" Keep it — yes, keep it for my sake , " —
On fancy's ear still peals the sound ;
Nor time the potent charm shall break ,
Nor loose the spell by nature bound .

From an Album.

S t a n z a .

SHE was passing away in her beauty's young bloom ;
And no terrors for her had the cold silent tomb , —
But she hail'd its approach as the ark of repose ,
The friend of the weary , the healer of woes ;
And, wean'd from the world and its glittering toys ,
Sought rest more enduring , more permanent joys !

She was passing away while the rosebud of spring
Did around her its sweetness and loveliness fling ,
While the air was serene, and the heavens bright shone
With a lustre and beauty resembling her own ;
And life, deck'd in hues of the rainbow's own dye ,
Seem'd form'd but to wake the fond dreaming of joy !

She was passing away soft as moonbeam that sleeps
On the lake's placid mirror where low the wind sweeps ;
She was passing away like the flow'ret that dies
Ere the shadows of night deep have mantled the skies ;
Ere the last streak of sunset had pass'd from the wave, —
Ere hope - love and friendship, had found them a grave !

She was passing away , — she has pass'd — she has gone ,
And her dwelling-place now is the cold church-yard lone ,
And the form whereon beauty had set its own seal
Now the shroud and the coffin do darkly conceal ,
And, a moment to earth , a brief moment but giv'n ,
Far away she has pass'd to the blessed in heav'n !

She has gone , and the mourners their sables put on ,
And wail for the lov'd that can never return ,
And the tear, and the sigh, with mute eloquence speak
Of that which to-syllable words were but weak ; —
Her worth and her beauty , with talent combined ;
Her patient submission — her spirits resign'd !

She was passing away in her beauty's young bloom ,
And in beauty undimm'd she has pass'd to the tomb ;
And, a spirit of light , she is dwelling above,
And joins the glad chorus, the chorus of love ! —
She was passing away , — she is gone — she is blest ,
And eternal the sunbeam that gladdens her breast .

The Sisters.

The Countess of Blessington.

MATILDA.

READ not so fast, dear sister; pause awhile, —
For I would hear thy thoughts of her — who left
Her home · her duty and the friends she loved,
To follow one unworthy.

LOUISA.

She was meant
For good; and, had she known a friend like thee
To whisper a fond warning in her ear,
She ne'er had left her calm and happy home,
Where here bright presence shed a sunshine round.
I blame, yet pity too: when punishment
Treads on the heels of error, I forget
The crime in mourning for the coming woe —
Is it not so with thee?

MATILDA.

It is *not* so:
I pity; but remember: — She who leaves
An arrow in the loving mother's heart, —
And dyes with the red blush of burning shame
The father's forehead and the brother's cheek, —

LOUISA.

Deserves not pity! yet I weep for her;
For I behold her pining for her home, —

Praying once more to rest her aching brow
 On that maternal breast which pillow'd it
 In happy childhood, ere one single thought
 Had quicken'd its pulsations.

MATILDA.

Think'st thou not
 Of those she left in sorrow, bow'd with shame
 For *her* who loosen'd every natural tie? —
 Remember, though she brought despair to all,
 She thought not, cared not, till her lover grew
 Indifferent — cold: 't was *then* that fearfully
 The recollection of her happier hours
 Rush'd on her dreams, and she awoke a wretch
 Whose days and nights were steep'd in bitterness!

LOUISA.

Yet she liv'd on?

MATILDA.

'T is true she did not die
 Till many weary months had gloom'd away;
 For sorrow kills not quickly. Well — she lived;
 Yes, lived to know her mother's heart was broke
 To hear harsh curses from her father's tongue!
 Then lay she down upon her bed — and died,
 A hireling's care,—and prey!

LOUISA.

And where was *he*
 The lover, the destroyer? where was *he*?

M A T I L D A .

Fled! 'T was a *summer-love*; the *first* wild cloud
(Sorrow or sickness) swept its bloom away .
He watch'd impatiently, from day to day ,
'The paleness dawning on her alter'd cheek ,
And her remorse ev'n anger'd him. Her lips
Never reproach'd him ; — but the bursting tears
She could not quell had tongues more loud than words ;
And, when she greeted him no more with smiles ,
He — who had chased them — left her to her grief
Thus drinking of her cup of bitterness ,
She lived, and loved, and — died !

L O U I S A .

Alas ! poor girl !

She sinn'd and suffer'd, — loved , and died , — you say :
'T was some atonement : — I believe there dwells
Immortal mercy, in the azure sky ,
'Too vast to let her suffer any more .
Now, she is *dead*, and thus hath paid her debt ,
God will forgive her, for she pray'd to him
With a most contrite heart : methinks I see
Her soaring (once more stainless) to the stars ,
An angel, not unerring, but redeem'd ;
Welcomed by angels. Now once more she lies
Upon her mother's heart , and once more wears
The sunny look of infancy .

From Heath's Book of Beauty, 1834.

Translation by Moore.

"I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;—
I came to that beach when the sun was declining;
The bark was still there,—but the waters were gone.

Ah such is the type of our life's early promise!
So, passing the spring-tide of joy we have known,
Every wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us at-eve on-the-cold-beach alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back, the bright freshness of
morning!
Her smiles and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Ah who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life thro' his frame,
And his soul like the wood that grows precious in
burning
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!"

The Blighted Rose.

How gay was its foliage, how bright was its hue,
How it scented the breeze that blew round it—
How carelessly sweet in the valley it grew
Till the blight of the mildew had found it.

Now faded, forlorn, scarce the wreck of its charms
Remain e'en for fancy's renewing ;
Its branches are bare, and exposed are its thorns ,
And it lays the pale victim of ruin .

Discontent is the mildew that fades on the mind ,
That robs the warm cheek of its roses ;
That cankers the breast of the rude or refined ,
Where'er it a moment reposes .

'T is a wizard, whose touch withers beauty away ,
And denies every pleasure to blossom ;
Insidiously creeps to the heart of its prey ,
And invites cold despair to the bosom .

True Love .

Young.

CELESTIAL happiness ! where'er she stoops
To visit earth , one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone , to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven — the bosom of a friend ;
Where heart meets heart , reciprocally soft ,
Each other's pillow to repose divine .
Beware the counterfeit ! in passion's flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in reason, passion's foe ;
Virtue alone entenders us for life ; —
I wrong her much — entenders us for ever .

Resignation.

Bernard Barton, Esq.

IN night's dull watches, dark and drear ,
A soothing sense of hope it brings
To think the dawn of day is near
With healing on its wings ,

In bleak December's cheerless reign
Hope tells us , in its sternest hours ,
'That blithesome spring will come again
To deck the earth with flowers .

But can we by the darksome grave
Thus borrow Resignation's tone ,
When God resumes the gift he gave ,
And we are left alone ?

Oh ! doubt it not , night ushers day :
In ruthless winter, spring is nigh ;
And time , whate'er he steals away ,
Will bring Eternity .

Then shall the grave restore its dead ,
Whose transient loss we now deplore ;
And eyes, which tears of sorrow shed ,
Shall learn to weep no more .

Then they, who meekly kiss'd the rod
E'en while they shed the bitter tear ,
Shall bow in thankfulness to God
Most ——— for what seem'd severe .

From the Amethyst for 1833.

The Gate-keeper's Daughter.

No traveller pass'd either early or late,
By Tiverton bar, but would gaze for awhile
On the sweet little girl who open'd the gate,
And was sure to be paid by a beautiful smile.

The rich man and poor man admired with delight —
No yeoman around but had ardently sought her:
The toast of the village was drank every night —
“The sweet little Mary the gate-keeper's daughter.”

I then too was young, and was buoyant in soul!
And often would linger myself for awhile;
I thought it was heav'n, while paying the toll,
To win from young Mary a beautiful smile.

I went th' other day: — still the white bar was there;
I paid down the toll, and rode peevishly on:
I thought that the country look'd desert and bare, —
For Mary the gate-keeper's daughter was gone.

I inquired of a peasant, who journey'd that way,
Where Mary was gone to! — he bow'd his grey head:
He spoke not a word — but I knew he would say
That Mary the gate-keeper's daughter was *dead*.

And sure 't was a fact; she lay in the grave —
Far far from the lovers who ardently sought her:
I remember'd the smiles she so prettily gave,
And wept when I thought of the gate-keeper's daughter.

The World.

THE world is bright before thee ,
The summer flowers are thine ;
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee ,
Thy bosom pleasure's shrine :
And thine the sunbeam given
To nature's morning hour ,
Pure warm as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower .

There is a song of sorrow ,
The death-dirge of the gay ,
That tells ere dawn of morrow ,
The charm may melt away ;
The sun's bright beam be shaded ,
That sky be blue no more ,
The summer-flowers be faded ,
And youth's warm promise o'er .

Believe it not, though lonely
Thy evening home may be ,
That beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer's sea ;
Though time thy bloom is stealing ,
There 's still beyond his art ,
The wild-flower wreath of feeling ,
The sunbeam of the heart !

Affection Changed.

By the friends we have lost , by the smile we can never
Again in life's loveliness view ,
By the ties of attachment death only could sever
Till those ties we in heaven renew ;
By the tears we have shed o'er the tomb of the cherish'd ,
O'er days ne'er to bless us again ;
Let us still give a sigh to the hope that has perish'd ,
But a smile to the hopes which remain .

Oh ! still as the circle of social affection
Of some valued heart is bereft ,
While we treasure through life their beloved recollection ,
Let us cling to the few that are left :
Down our cheek while the tear-drop of anguish is stealing,
A solace e'en then it may prove
To view the sad glance of reciprocal feeling
When it beams from the eye that we love .

Oh ! this is the charm which shall brighten to-morrow
With the joy that we cherish to-day ;
'T is the *pilot* who steadies our vessel of sorrow ,
'T is the *star* which enlightens its way :
And, if e'er , o'er the sea of adversity driven ,
That bark has no pilot to steer ,
That *star*, beaming bright from the portals of heaven ,
Shall bid us seek fortitude there .

The Fallen Comrade.

THE grey eye of eve palely sunk in the west ,
The night's cooling breeze faintly sigh'd
And kiss'd, as it pass'd o'er the dead soldier's breast ,
The flood-gate of life's ebbing tide .

The dark veil of night overshadow'd the field ,
And silenced the loud clash of arms ;
O'erspent with fatigue, I reposed on my shield
Till rous'd by to-morrow's alarms .

The proud-swelling trumpet resum'd its sound ,
I rose from my damp bed of clay ,
But ah ! hapless sight ! lay cold on the ground
My comrade in death's pale array .

His bright auburn ringlets were dyed in his blood ,
His bosom was mangled and torn ;
His shield lay in shatters where last he had stood ,
That shield his brave arm oft had borne .

His helmet and sabre , not far from that spot ,
Lay drench'd in the blood of the brave ;
I dropp'd a sad tear for my poor comrade's lot ,
And bore his remains to the grave .

No deep-sounding dirge , nor rude gaping crowd ,
Escorted his dust to the grave , —
A shield was the hearse , a scarf all the shroud ,
His laurels the tears of the brave .

The trumpet's loud blast from the field struck my
ear —

I sigh'd as I left the dear spot ;

I oft o'er his memory spend a fond tear —

But such is the warrior's lot .

D i s s e n s i o n .

Moore.

ALAS ! how light a cause may move

Dissension between hearts that love !

Hearts that the world in vain had tried ,

And sorrow but more closely tied ;

That stood the storm, when waves were rough

Yet in a sunny hour fall off ,

Like ships, that have gone down at sea ,

When heav'n was all tranquillity !

A something light as air — a look ,

A word unkind or wrongly taken —

Oh ! love, that never tempests shook ,

A breath, a touch like this, hath shaken .

And ruder words will soon rush in

To spread the breach that words begin ;

And eyes forget the gentle ray

They wore in courtship's smiling day ;

And voices lose the tone that shed

A tenderness round all they said ;

Till, fast declining, one by one

The sweetnesss of love are gone .

The Forsaken to the False one.

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

I DARE thee to forget me ! go wander where thou wilt ,
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm , or on the sabre's hilt ;
Away ! thou 'rt free ! o'er land or sea , go rush to danger's
brink ,

But oh , thou canst not fly from thought ! thy curse will
be — to think .

Remember me ! remember all my long enduring love ,
That link'd itself to perfidy—the vulture and the dove :
Remember in thy utmost need I never once did shrink ,
But clung to thee confidingly ; thy curse shall be—to
think .

Then go ! that thought will render thee a dastard in the
fight :

That thought when thou art tempest-tost will fill thee
with affright ;

In some vile dungeon may'st thou lay, and, counting each
cold link

That binds thee to captivity, thy curse shall be — to
think !

Go seek the merry banquet-hall , where younger maidens
bloom ,

The thought of me shall make thee there endure a deeper
gloom ;

That thought shall turn the festive cup to poison while
you drink ,

And while false smiles are on thy cheek, thy curse will
be — to think !

Forget me ? false 'one, hope it not ! when minstrels touch
the string,
The memories of other days will gall thee while they
sting :
The airs I used to love will make thy coward-conscience
shrink ;
Aye, every note will have its sting,—thy curse will be—
to think.

Forget me ? no , that shall not be ! I'll haunt thee in thy
sleep ,
In dreams thou 'lt cling to slimy rocks that overhang the
deep ;
Thou 'lt shriek for aid ! my feeble arm shall hurl thee
from the brink ,
And, when thou wakest in wild dismay, thy curse will be
— to think !

Stanza.

Bernard Barton, Esq.

Dews, that nourish fairest flowers ,
Fall unheard in stillest hours ;
Streams, which keep the meadows green ,
Often flow themselves unseen .

Violets, hidden on the ground ,
Throw their balmy odours round ;
Viewless, in the vaulted sky ,
Larks pour forth their melody .

Emblems these, which well express
Virtue's modest loveliness ;
Unobtrusive and unknown ,
Felt but in its fruits alone !

From the Amethyst for 1833.

Consolation.

Yes, there is a Being benignant above us ,
To shelter in sorrow, and cherish in care ;
Yes, there is a power to pity and love us ,
A balm for the wounded , a beam for the tear ;
Which comes o'er the bosom like day o'er the billow
To mariners weary and wild with despair ;
Which brightens the dungeon and softens the pillow ,
And smiles like a rose on our wilderness here .

The mighty and proud in their mansions of pleasure
May squander their blessings in madness away ;
The miser may worship his cankering treasure ,
The atheist deride , and the hypocrite pray
With his lips while his soul is enslaved by ambition :
But the Being who reigns o'er yon beautiful sphere
Reads the heart , and remembers the sigh of contrition ,
Nor bruises the reed that is broken and sere .

The Soldier's Grave.

L. E. L.

THERE'S a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
Beneath is a Soldier lying:
The death-wound came amid sword and plume—
When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet wild flowers surrounded;
The church-shadow falls o'er his place of rest,
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
There was woman's gentler weeping,
And the wailing of age and infant-cries,
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirits' pride,
With his father's sword and blessing;
He stood with the valiant side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over:
One heart that in secret had kept his name,
Was claim'd by the Soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came over the sky,—
He left his sweet home for battle;
And his young child's lisp for the loud roar-cry,
And the cannon's long death-rattle.

He came again,—but an altered man :
The path of the grave was before him ;
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan ,
For the shadow of death hung o'er him .

He spoke of victory,—spoke of cheer : —
These are words that are vainly spoken
To the childless mother or orphan's ear ,
Or the widow whose heart is broken .

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone ,
Half-hidden by yonder willow ;
There he sleeps whose death in battle was won ,
But who died on his own home-pillow !

Verses by J. Montgomery.

*Composed for the Anniversary of Robert Burns's Birthday,
celebrated at Sheffield, 1820.*

WHAT bird in beauty, flight, or song ,
Can with the Bard compare ,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong ,
As ever child of air .

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns
For whim or pleasure change ;
He was not one, but all by turns ,
With transmigration strange .

The Blackbird, oracle of spring ,
 When flow'd his moral lay ;
The Swallow, wheeling on the wing ,
 Capriciously at play :
The Humming-bird from bloom to bloom ,
 Inhaling heavenly balm ;
The Raven in the tempest gloom ;
 The Halcyon in the calm :
In " Auld Kirk Allaway " the Owl
 At 'witching time of night ;
By " Bonnie Doon " the earliest fowl
 That caroll'd to the light :
It was the Wren amidst the gloom ,
 When in his homely vein ;
At " Bannockburn " the bird of Jove ,
 With thunder in his train .

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Wolf.

Not a drum was heard , nor a funeral note ,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot ,
 O'er the grave where our hero was buried .
We buried him darkly at dead of night ,
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light ;
 And the lantern dimly burning .

B

No useless coffin enclosed his breast ,
Nor in sheets nor in shroud we bound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest ,
With his martial cloak around him .

Few and short were the prayers we said ,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead ,
And bitterly thought on the morrow .

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed ,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow ,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head ,
And we far away on the bilow .

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone ,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But nothing he 'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him .

But half our heavy task was done ,
When the clock told the hour for retiring ;
But we heard, by the distant and random gun ,
That the foe was suddenly firing .

Slowly and sadly we laid him down ,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line—we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone in his glory .

The Record.

L. E. L.

HE sleeps, his head upon his sword,

His soldier's cloak a shroud ;

His church-yard is the open field —

Three times it has been plough'd ;

The first time that the wheat sprung up

'T was black as if with blood ,

The meanest beggar turn'd away

From the unholy food .

'Third year, and the grain grew fair ,

As it was wont to wave ;

None would have thought that golden corn

Was growing on the grave .

His lot was but a peasant's lot ,

His name a peasant's name ;

Not his the place of death that twines

Into a place of fame .

He fell as other thousands do ,

Down trampled where they fall ,

While on a single man is heap'd

The glory gain'd by all .

Yet even he whose common grave

Lies in the open fields :

Died not without a thought of all

The joy that glory yields .

That small white church in his own land ,
The lime-trees almost hide ,
Bears on the walls the names of those
Who for their country died .

His name is written on those walls ,
His mother read it there ,
With pride,—oh ! no, there could not not be
Pride in the widow's prayer .

And many a stranger, who shall mark
That peasant-roll of fame ,
Will think on prouder ones , yet say
“ This was a hero's name.”

The Soldier's Funeral.

L. E. L.

AND the muffled drum roll'd on the air ,
Warriors with stately steps were there ;
On every arm was the black crape bound ,
Every carbine was turn'd to the ground :
Solemn the sound of their measured tread ,
As silent and slow they follow'd the dead .
The riderless horse was led in the rear ,
There were white plumes waving over the bier
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall ,
For it was a soldier's funeral .
That soldier had stood on the battle-plain ,
Where every step was over the slain ;

But the brand and the ball had pass'd him by ,
And he came to his native land to die .
'T was hard to come to that native land ,
And not clasp one familiar hand !
'T was hard to be number'd among the dead
Or ere he could hear his welcome said !
But 't was something to see its cliffs once more ,
And to lay his bones on his own loved shore ;
To think that the friends of his youth might weep
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep !

The bugles ceased their wailing sound
As the coffin was lower'd into the ground ;
A volley was fired , a blessing said ,
One moment's pause—and they left the dead !

I saw a poor and aged man ,
His step was feeble , his lip was wan ;
He knelt him down on the new-raised mound ,
His face was bow'd on the cold damp ground ,
He raised his head, his tears were done , —
The father had pray'd o'er an only son !

T i m e .

Bowring.

ON! on our moments hurry by
Like shadows of a passing cloud ,
Till general darkness wraps the sky
And man sleeps senseless on his shroud .

He sports, he trifles time away ,
 Till time is his to waste no more;
 Heedless he hears the surges play ,
 And then is dash'd upon the shore .

He has no thoughts of coming days ,
 Tho' they alone deserve his thought ,
 And so the heedless wand'rer strays ,
 And treasures nought and gathers nought .

Tho' wisdom speak—his ear is dull ;
 Tho' virtue smile—he sees her not :
 His cup of vanity is full ,
 And all besides——forgot .

The Wreck.

Mrs. Hemans.

“ ALL night the booming minute-gun
 Had peal'd along the deep ,
 And mournfully the rising sun
 Look'd o'er the tide-worn steep .
 A bark from India's coral strand ,
 Before the rushing blast ,
 Had veil'd her topsails to the sand ,
 And bow'd her noble mast .
 The queenly ship !—brave hearts had striv'n
 And true ones died with her !
 We saw her mighty cable riv'n ,
 Like floating gossamer !

We saw her proud flag struck that morn.,
A star once o'er the seas,
Her helm beat down, her deck upturn,—
And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away;
The rocks with pearls were sown;
And, strangely sad, the ruby ray
Flash'd out o'er fretted stone;
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze,
And gorgeous robes,—but oh! that shore
Had sadder sights than these!

We saw the strong man, still and low,
A crush'd reed thrown aside!
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died!
And near him on the sea-weed lay,
Till then we had not wept,
But well our gushing hearts might say
That *there* a mother slept;

In her pale arms a babe had press'd
With such a wreathing grasp
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast
Yet not undone the clasp!
Her very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still the wet long streamers clung
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, midst that wild scene ,
Gleam'd up the boy's dead face ,
Like slumbers trustingly serene ,
In melancholy grace .
Deep in her bosom lay his head ,
With half-shut violet eye ;
He had known little of her dread ,
Nought of her agony !

Oh, human love ! whose yearning heart ,
Through all things vainly true ,
So stamps upon thy mortal part
Its passionate adieu !
Surely thou hast another lot ,
There is some home for thee
Where thou shall rest, remembering not
The moaning of the sea ! ”

Song of Mina's Soldiers.

(From the First Number of the Peninsular Melodies.)

Mrs. Hemans.

WE heard thy name, O Mina !
Far through our hills it rang ;
A sound more strong than tempest ,
More deep than armour's clang :
The peasant left his vineyard ,
The shepherd grasp'd his spear ;
We heard thy name, O mina !
The mountain bands are here .

As eagles to the day-spring ,
As torrents to the sea ,
From every dark sierra ,
So rush'd our hearts to thee .
Thy spirit is our banner ,
Thine eye our beacon-mind ,
Thy name our trumpet , Mina !
The mountain-bands are thine .

My Heart and Lute.

Thomas Moore .

I GIVE thee all , I can no more ,
Though poor the offering be —
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee .
A lute whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well , —
And, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute can tell .
I give thee all, &c.

Though love and song may fail, alas !
To keep life's clouds away ,
At least 't will make them lighter pass ,
Or gild them if they stay .
If ever care his discord flings
O'er life's enchanted strain ,
Let love but gently touch the string
'T will all be sweet again .
I give thee all, &c.

My Own Fire-side.

Alaric A. Watts.

LET others seek for empty joys ,
At ball or concert, rout or play ;
Whilst far from fashion's idle noise ,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay ,
I wile the wintry eve away , —
' Twixt book and lute, the hours divide ,
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee my own Fire-side !

" My own Fire-side ! " Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise ;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords ,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes !
What is there my wild heart can prize
That doth not in thy sphere abide ,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies ,
My own—my own Fire-side !

A gentle form is near me now ;
A small white hand is clasp'd in mine :
I gaze upon her placid brow ,
And ask what joys can equal thine !
A babe, whose beauty's half divine ,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide ; —
Where may love seek a fitter shrine ,
Than thou—my own Fire-side ?

What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without, which ravage earth ;
It doth but bid me prize thee more : —
The shelter of thy hallow'd hearth
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth :
Then let the churlish tempest chide ;
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads—my own Fire-side !

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion - strife and care ;
Though thunder-clouds the sky deform ,
Their fury cannot reach me there .
There all is cheerful - calm and fair ;
Wrath - malice - envy - strife and pride
Have never made their hated lair
By thee—my own Fire-side !

Thy precincts are a charmed ring ,
Where no harsh feelings dare intrude ;
Where life's vexations lose their sting ;
Where even grief is half subdued ;
And peace there halcyon loves to brood .
Then, let the pamper'd fool deride ,
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own Fireside !

Shrine of my household deities !

Fair scene of home's unsullied joys !

'To thee my burthen'd spirit flies ,

When fortune frowns, or care annoys :

Thine is the bliss that never cloy ;

The smile whose truth hath oft been tried ;

What, then, are this world's tinsel toys

'To thee—my own Fireside !

Oh may the yearnings fond and sweet ,

That bid my thoughts be all of thee ,

Thus ever guide my wand'ring feet

To thy heart-soothing sanctuary !

Whate'er my future years may be ;

Let joy or grief my fate betide ;

Be still an Eden bright to me ,

My own—my own Fire-side ! ”

The Dead Trumpeter.

T. K. Hervey .

“ WAKE, soldier !—wake !—thy war-horse waits

To bear thee to the battle back ;

Thou slumb'rest at a foeman's gates —

Thy dog would break thy bivouac ; —

Thy plume is trailing in the dust ,

And thy red falchion gath'ring rust !

Sleep, soldier!—sleep!—thy warfare o'er, —
Not thy own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle-plain;
A trumpet-note more loud and deep
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep!

Thou need'st not helm nor cuirass now;
Beyond the *Grecian* hero's boast, —
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host:
For head and heel alike are sound,
A thousand arrows cannot wound!

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that wild widow'd look she wore
The day—how long to her it seems! —
She kiss'd thee at the cottage door,
And sicken'd at the sounds of joy
That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier!—let thy mother wait
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,
And bid her home to thee at last; —
He cannot tell a sadder tale
Than did thy clarion, on the gale,
When last—and far away—she heard its ling'ring
echoes fail!

*I Watch for Thee.**Mrs. E. B. Wilson.*

I WATCH for thee when parting day
Sheds on the earth a ling'ring ray ;
When his last blush upon the rose
A richer tint of crimson throws ,
And every flow'ret's leaves are curl'd
Like Beauty shrinking from the world ;
When silence reigns o'er lawn and lea ,
Then, dearest love , I watch for thee .

I watch for thee when eve's first star
Shines dimly in the heavens afar ,
And twilight's mists and shadows grey
Upon the lake's broad waters play :
When not a breeze nor sound is heard
To startle evenings's lonely bird ;
But hush'd is e'en the humming-bee —
Then, dearest love , I wait for thee .

I watch for thee when on the eyes
Of childhood slumber gently lies ;
When sleep has still'd the noisy mirth
Of playful voices round our hearth ,
And each cherub's fancy glows
With dreams that only childhood knows ;
Of pleasures past, or yet to be , —
Then, dearest love , I watch for thee .

I watch for thee, hope of my heart,
Returning from the clouded mart
Of worldly toil and worldly strife
And all the busy scene of life .
Then, if thy brow of brightness wear
A moment's space the shade of care ,
My smile, amid that gloom, shall be
The rainbow of the storm to thee .

The Orphan Boy.

Mrs. Opie .

STAY lady, stay, for mercy's sake ,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale !
Oh ! sure my looks must pity wake , —
'T is want that makes my cheek so pale .
Yet I was once a mother's pride ,
And my brave father's hope and joy ;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died ,
And now I am an orphan boy .

Poor foolish child ! how pleas'd was I
When news of Nelson's victory came ,
Along the crowded streets to fly ,
And see the lighted window's flame !
To force me home my mother sought :
She could not bear to see my joy ;
For with my father's life 't was bought
And made me a poor orphan boy .

The people's shouts were long and loud ;
My mother, shuddering , stopp'd her ears
" Rejoice ! rejoice ! " still cried the crowd ;
My mother answered with her tears .
' Why are you crying thus , ' said I ,
' While others laugh and shout with joy ? '
She kiss'd me—and—with such a sigh ! —
She called me her poor orphan boy .

' What is an orphan boy ? ' I cried ,
As in her face I look'd and smil'd ;
My mother through her tears replied
' You 'll know too soon , ill-fated child ! '
And now they 've toll'd my mother's knell ,
And I 'm no more a parent's joy , —
O lady ! I have learn'd too well
What 't is to be an orphan boy .

Oh ! were I by your bounty fed !
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide , —
Trust me, I wish to earn my bread —
The sailor's orphan-boy has pride .
Lady, you weep !—ah !—this to me ?
You 'll give me clothing · food · *employ* ? —
Look down, dear parents ! look and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy .

All's for the Best.

Tupper.

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise:
Nothing-but-folly grows faithless and fearful;
Courage for-ever is happy and wise:—

All's for best, if man would but know it,
Providence wishes us all to be blest:
This is no dream of the pundit or poet;
Heaven is gracious, and...All's for the best!

All's for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier-of-sadness or pilgrim-of-love
Who to-the-shores-of-despair may have wander'd,
A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove!

All's for the best! be a man, but confiding:
Providence tenderly governs the rest;
And the frail bark of-his-creature is guiding
Wisely and warily, all for the best!

All's for the best! then fling-away terrors:
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van;
And, in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.

All's for the best! Unbiass'd - unbounded,
Providence reigns from-the-East to the West;
And, by-both-wisdom-and-mercy surrounded,
Hope, and be happy, that...All's for the best!

Stanza for Music.

By the Rev. T. Dale.

O BREATHE-NO-more that simple air,
Though soft and sweet thy wild notes swell;
To-me the only tale they tell

Is cold despair!

I heard it once from lips as fair,
I heard it in as-sweet a tone;-
Now I am left,-on-earth alone

And she is...where?

How have those well-known sounds renew'd
The dreams of earlier, happier hours,
When life—a desert now—was strew'd
With fairy flowers!—

When all was bright and fond and fair;
Now flowers are faded, joys are fled,
And heart and hope are with the dead,
For she is...where?

Can I then love the air *she* loved?
Can I then hear-the-melting-strain,
Which brings-her to-my-soul again,
Calm and unmoved?—

And thou to-blame-my-tears forbear,
For, while I list, sweet maid! to thee,
Remembrance whispers..."such was she"—
And she is...where?

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Mrs. Hemans.

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against-a-stormy-sky
Their giant branches toss'd.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band-of-exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; —
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles-of-the-dim-wood rang
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd, —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim-band ;
 Why had they come to wither there ,
 Away from there childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye ,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high ,
 And the fiery heart of youth .

What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod !
 They have left unstain'd what there they found ,—
 Freedom to worship God !

The Pilgrim Fathers.

Pierpont.

THE Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they ?
 Ah the waves that brought them o'er
 Still roll in the bay, and throw their-spray
 As they break along the shore :
 Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day ,
 When the Mayflower moor'd below ,
 When the sea around was black with storms ,
 And white the shore with snow .

The mists, that wrapp'd the Pilgrim's sleep ,
Still brood upon the tide ;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep ,
To stay its waves of pride .
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens look'd dark , is gone ,—
As an angel's wing, through an open cloud ,
Is seen, and then withdrawn .

The Pilgrim-exile,—sainted name !
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced when he came, in the morning's flame ,
In the morning's flame burns now .
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea ,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ; —
But, the Pilgrim—where is he ?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest :
When summer 's throned on high ,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress'd ,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie .
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallow'd spot is cast ;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world ,
Looks kindly on that spot last .

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled —
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead ,
With their holy stars, by night ,

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled ,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay ,
Shall foam and freeze no more .

Casabianca .

Mrs. Hemans.

THE boy stood on the burning deck ,
Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead .
Yet beautiful and bright he stood ,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood ,
A proud though child-like form !

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below ,
His voice no longer heard .
He call'd aloud :—" Say, father ! say
If yet my task is done ? "
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son .

" Speak, father ! " once again he cried ,
" If I may yet be gone !
And "—but the booming shots replied ,
And fast the flames roll'd on .
Upon his brow he felt their breath ,
And in his waving hair ,
And look'd from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair !

And shouted but-once-more aloud
 " My father, must I stay ? "
While o'er-him fast, through sail and shroud ,
 The wreathing fires made way ;
They wrapt-the-ship in splendour wild ,
 They caught the flag on high ,
And stream'd above-the-gallant child
 Like banners in the sky .

There came a burst of thunder-sound ,—
 The boy — oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds, that far around
 With-fragments strew'd the sea !
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair ,
 That well had borne their part —
But, the noblest thing-which-perish'd-there
 Was that young and faithful heart !

On the Death of a Naval Officer.

J. F. H. Chelsea.

To the depths of that sea which is calm'd to receive thee,
 In trust, to the fathomless womb of the wave ;
In the silence of-sorrow-and-anguish we leave thee,
 Lost theme of our wonder, - quench'd star of the brave.
We had thought from-the-strife-and-the-storm to restore
 thee,
Adorn'd with thy fame , to the land-of-thy-birth,
Where the flow'et might spring and the turf flourish
 o'er thee ;
When the summons-of-death call'd-thy-spirit from
 earth .

But thy grave must be made in the breast of the billow ,
And thine head be laid low 'neath the deep swelling
surge ,
Where the weeds of the ocean are spread for thy pillow ,
And the sea-bird's harsh cry sounds-afar for thy dirge .
Not whelm'd by the flood, 'midst the tempest's harsh
thunder ,
Nor rent-in-the-strife by the hands of the foe ,
But in-silence-and-peace was thy thread snapt asunder :
Unseen came the spoiler, and still was the blow ;
While the winds on-the-face-of-the-waters were sleeping ,
And the wave lay unwrinkled and calm at our prow ,
And the stars in-yon-space their bright watches were
keeping ,
And the sky was as cloudless and azure as now .
And was it for-this that the death-shot flew by thee ;
And above-thee the tempest-cloud harmlessly past ;
That when-the-fair-shores-of-thy-country-drew-nigh-thee
The Conq'ror-of-nations should find thee at last ?
Yet, though pass'd from our sight , - though thy labours
are finish'd ,
And thou retest in peace where thy battles were won ,
Exalted with praise, and with fame undiminish'd ,
Thou shalt live in the tale of the deeds thou hast done :
Thou art gone—but, unhurt by the lapse of long ages ,
Thy laurels shall flourish, still blooming and fair ;
Thou sleepest—but oft, when the loud conflict rages ,
The sound of thy name shall be still with us there .
Proud nations shall fall , but thy name shall decay not ,
And realms shall depart, but thy glories shall shine ;
While he whose-cold-grasp-is-on-all-things shall prey not
On the fresh budding wreath which shall ever be thine .

H o m e .*James Montgomery .*

THERE is a land, of-every-land the pride,
 Beloved-by-heaven o'er all the world beside;
 Where brighter-suns disperse serener light,
 And milder-moons emparadise the night:
 A land of beauty · virtue · valour · truth ·
 Time-tutor'd age and love-exalted youth .
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles - the most-enchanting shores ,
 Views-not a realm so beautiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
 In every clime, the magnet-of-his-soul,
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
 For ` in this land-of-heaven's-peculiar-grace, '
 The heritage of Nature's noblest race ,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest ,
 A dearer- · sweeter-spot than all the rest ,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre · pageantry and pride ,
 While in-his-soften'd-looks benignly blend
 The sire · the son - the husband · brother - friend ;—
 Here, woman reigns ; the mother · daughter · wife
 Strew with-fresh-flowers the narrow way of life !
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye ,
 An angel-guard of-loves-and-graces vie ;
 Around-her-knees domestic-duties meet ,
 And fireside-pleasures gambol at her feet :
 Where shall that land · that spot-of-earth be found ?
 Art thou a man ? · a patriot ?—look around ;
 O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam ,
 That-*land* **THY COUNTRY**, and that-*spot* **THY HOME !**

England's Oak.

Bernard Barton.

LET India boast its spicy trees
Whose fruit and gorgeous bloom
Give `to each faint and languid breeze`
Its rich and rare perfume :
Let Portugal and haughty Spain
Display their orange-groves ;
And France exult her vines to train
Around her trim alcoves .

Old England has a tree as strong -
As stately as them all ,
As worthy of a minstrel's song
In cottage and in hall .
`T is not the yew-tree , though it lends
Its greenness to the grave ;
Nor willow , though it fondly bends
Its branches o'er the wave :

Nor birch , although its slender tress
Be beautifully fair -
As `graceful in its loveliness`
As maiden's flowing hair .
`T is not the poplar , though its height
May from-afar be seen ;
Nor beech , although its boughs be dight
With leaves of glossy green .

All these are fair, but they may fling
Their shade unsung by me:
My favourite, and the forest's king,
The British Oak shall be!
Its stem, though rough, is stout and sound,
Its giant branches throw
Their arms in shady blessings round
O'er man and beast below:

Its leaf, though late in spring it shares
The zephyr's gentle sigh,
As late and long in autumn wears
A deeper - richer dye.
Type of an honest English heart,
It opes not at a breath,
But having open'd plays its part
Until it sinks in death.

Its acorns, graceful to the sight,
Are toys to childhood dear;
Its mistletoe, with berries white,
Adds mirth to Christmas cheer.
And when we reach life's closing stage,
Worn out with care or ill,
For childhood - youth or hoary age,
Its arms are open still.

But prouder yet its glories shine,
When, in a nobler form,
Its floats upon the heaving brine,
And braves the bursting storm;

Or when, to aid the work of love ,
 To some benighted clime
 It bears glad tidings from above ,
 Of Gospel-truths sublime :

Oh ! then triumphant in its might ,
 O'er waters dim and dark ,
 It seems, in heaven's approving sight ,
 A second glorious ARK .
 On earth the forest's honour'd king !
 Man's castle on the sea !
 Who-*will* another tree may sing ,—
 Old England's Oak for *me* !

Dangers of the Deep.

Southey.

'T is pleasant by-the-cheerful-hearth to hear
 Of tempests and the dangers of the deep ,
 And pause at times , and feel that we are safe ;
 Then listen to the perilous tale again ,
 And, with an eager and suspended soul ,
 Woo terror to delight us. But to hear
 The roaring of the raging elements,—
 To know all human skill, all human strength ,
 Avail not,—to look around, and only see
 The mountain-wave incumbent, with its weight
 Of bursting waters , o'er the reeling bark ,—
 Ah me ! this is indeed a dreadful thing ;
 And he, who hath endured the horror once
 Of such an hour , doth never hear the storm
 Howl round his home but he remembers it
 And thinks upon the suffering mariner .

Field of Waterloo.

Byron.

STOP!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust !
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust ?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?
 None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so .
 As the ground was before , thus let it be .—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ?

There was a sound of revelry by night ,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her beauty and her chivalry ; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men :
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and, when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell ,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again ,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ; —
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 't was but the wind ,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined !
 To sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more ;
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 A nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! arm !—it is !—it is !—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window's niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ;—he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival ,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
And, when they smiled because he deem'd it near ,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier ,
And rous'd the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rush'd into the field , and, foremost fighting , fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro ,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress ,
And cheeks-all-pale which but-an-hour-ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts , and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes ,
Since upon-night-so-sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed ,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car ,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed ,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beating of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb ,
Or whispering, with white lips , “ The foe ! they come ,
they come ! ”

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of-Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in-the-noon-of-night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But, with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With their fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's, fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes ` waves above-them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops ' as they pass ,
Grieving — if aught inanimate e'er grieves —
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening, to be trodden like the grass,
Which now-beneath-them but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this ` fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope ' shall moulder, cold and low!

Last-noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last-eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The-midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The-morn the marshalling-in-arms,—the day -
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which-when-rent
The earth is cover'd-thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover—heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend - foe,—in-one-red-burial blent!

Love of Country.

Sir Walter Scott.

BREATHES—there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to-himself hath said
 “ This is my own - my native land ! ” -
Whose heart has ne’er within-him burn’d,
As home his footsteps he hath turn’d
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For-him no minstrel-raptures swell :
High though his titles - proud his name -
Boundless-his-wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles - power and pelf,
The wretch,—concentred all in self—
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go-down,
To the vile-dust from-whence he sprung,
Unwept - unhonour’d and unsung .

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood -
Land of the mountain and the flood .
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e’er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand !

The Spanish Armada.

Macaulay.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise :
I sing of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient
days ,

When that great fleet-invincible against her bore, in vain ,
The richest spoils of Mexico , the stoutest hearts in Spain .
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day ,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
bay ;

The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's
isle ,

At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile :
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
And the tall Pinta , till the noon , had held her close in
chase .

Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out, to pry along the coast ;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many
a post .

With his white hair , unbonneted , the stout old sheriff
comes ;

Behind him march the halberdiers , before him sound the
drums .

The yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an ample
space ,

For there behoves him to set-up the standard of her grace :
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
Asslow, upon the labouring wind, the royal blazon swells,

Look how the lion-of-the-sea lifts up his ancient crown ,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down !
So stalk'd he when he turn'd to flight, on that famed Picard
field ,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle-
shield :

So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turn'd to bay ,
And crush'd and torn beneath-his-claws the princely
hunters lay .

Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, sir Knight ! Ho ! scatter
flowers, fair maids !

Ho, gunners ! fire a loud salute ! ho, gallants ! draw your
blades !

Thou sun, shine on her joyously ! ye breezes, waft her wide !
Our glorious *semper eadem* ! the banner of our pride !

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurl'd that banner's massy
fold —

The parting gleam of sunshine kiss'd that haughty scroll
of gold .

Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea ;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall
be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford
bay,

That time of slumber was as bright, as busy, as the day ;
For swift-to-east, and swift-to-west, the warning radiance
spread, —

High on St. Michael's Mount , it shone — it shone on
Beachy head .

Far o'er the deep , the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire ,

Cape-beyond-cape , in endless range , those twinkling
points of fire ;

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamer's glittering waves,
The rugged miners pour'd to war , from Mendip's sunless
caves :

O'er Longleat's towers , o'er Cranbourne's oaks , the fiery
herald flew —

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge - the rangers of
Beaulieu .

Right sharp-and-quick the bells rang-out, all night , from
Bristol town ;

And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton
Down .

The sentinel on-Whitehall-gate look'd forth into the night;
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-
red light .

The bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the death-like silence
broke ,

And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke ;
At-once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires ,
At-once the wild alarum clash'd from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower peal'd loud the voice
of fear ,

And all the thousand masts-of-Thames sent back a louder
cheer ;

And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying
feet ,

And the broad streams-of-flags-and-pikes dash'd down
each rousing street ;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from-every-village-round the horse came spurring
in ;

And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the warlike
errand went ;
And rous'd, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires
of Kent ;
Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright
coursers forth ;
High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started
for the north ;
And on and on without-a-pause, untired they bounded
still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from
hill to hill ;
Till the proud peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Derwent's rocky
dales ;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of
Wales ;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
height ;
Till stream'd in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest
of light .
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth on Ely's stately
fane ,
And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundles
plain :
Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to Lincoln sent ,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of
Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled
pile ,
And the red glare-on-Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle .

England's Dead.*Mrs. Hemans.*

Son of the ocean isle !

Where sleep your mighty dead ?
Show me that high and stately pile
Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed .

Go, stranger, track the deep ,
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild winds sleep ,
Where rest not England's dead .

On Egypt's burning plains ,
By the pyramid o'ersway'd ,
With fearful power the noonday reigns ,
And the palm-trees yield no shade :

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red ,
Unfelt by those whose task is done ! —
There sleep England's dead .

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore ,
And far by Ganges' banks at night
Is heard the tiger's roar .

But let the sound roll on ,
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone ;—
There slumber England's dead .

Loud rush the torrent-floods
 The western wilds among ;
 And free, in green Columbia's woods ,
 The hunter's bow is strung :

But let the floods rush on !
 Let the arrow's flight be sped !
 Why should *they* reck whose task is done ?—
There slumber England's dead .

The mountain-storms rise high
 In the snowy Pyrenees ,
 And toss the pine-boughs through the sky ,
 Like rose-leaves on the breeze :

But let the storm rage on !
 Let the fresh wreaths be shed !
 For the Rôncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead .

On the frozen deep's repose ,
 'T is a dark and dreadful hour
 When round-the-ship the ice-fields close
 And the northern night-clouds lower :

But let the ice drift on !
 Let the cold blue desert spread !
Their course with-mast-and-flag is done ,—
 Even *there* sleep England's dead .

The warlike of the isles ,
 The men of field and wave !
 Are-not the rocks their funeral piles ?
 The seas-and-shores their grave ?

Go, stranger, track the deep ,
 Free, free the white sails spread !
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep ,
 Where rest not England's dead .

Sea-side Thoughts.

Bernard Barton.

BEAUTIFUL - sublime - and glorious ,
 Mild - majestic - foaming - free ;
 Over time itself , victorious ; -
 Image of eternity .

Sun and moon and stars shine o'er thee ,
 See thy surface ebb and flow ,
 Yet attempt not to explore thee
 In thy soundless depths below .

Whether morning's splendour steep thee
 With the rainbow's glowing grace .
 Tempests rouse or navies sweep thee ,
 'T is but for a moment's space .

Earth - her valleys, and her mountains ,
 Mortal man's behest obey :
 Thy unfathomable fountains
 Scoff his search and scorn his sway .

Such art thou , stupendous ocean !
 But, if overwhelm'd by thee ,
 Can we think, without emotion ,
 What must thy Creator be ?

The Ocean.

Mrs. Hemans.

SUBLIME is thy prospect, thou proud rolling Ocean ,
And fancy surveys thee with solemn delight ;
When thy mountainous billows are wild in commotion ,
And the tempest is roused by the spirits of night .

When the moon-beams, through winter-clouds faintly
appearing ,
At intervals gleam on the dark swelling wave ;
And the mariner, dubious,—now hoping , now fearing —
May hear the stern Genius-of-hurricanes rave .

But now when thine anger has long been subsiding ,
And the tempest has folded the might of its wing ,
How clear is thy surface in loveliness gliding ,
For April has open'd the portals of spring ;

Now soft on-thy-bosom the orient is beaming ,
And tremulous breezes are waving thy breast ;
On-thy-mirror the clouds and the shadows are streaming ,
And morning-and-glory the picture have drest :

No gale but the balmly Favonian is blowing ,
In-coral-caves resting, the winds are asleep ;
And rich in-the-sunbeam yon pennants are glowing ,
That tinge-with-their-colours the silvery deep .

Yet smile, or be dreadful , thou still-changing Ocean ,
Tremendous or lovely, resistless or still :
I-view-thee adoring, with hallow'd emotion ,
The Pow'r that can hush,-or-arouse,-thee at will .

The Name of England.

Mrs. Hemans.

THE trumpet-of-the-battle
Hath a high and thrilling tone ;
And the first deep gun of an ocean-fight
Dread music all its own .

But a mightier power, my England !
Is in that name of thine ,
To strike the fire from every heart
Along the banner'd line .

Proudly it woke the spirits
Of yore , the brave and true ,
When the bow was bent on Cressy's field ,
And the yeoman's arrow flew .

And proudly hath it floated
Through the battles of the sea ,
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke-wreaths play'd
Like the lightning in its glee .

On rock - on wave - on bastion ,
Its echoes have been known ;
By a thousand streams the hearts lie low
That have answer'd to its tone .

A thousand ancient mountains
Its pealing note hath stirr'd ;
Sound on, and on, for evermore
O thou victorious word !

Treasures of the Deep.

Mrs. Hemans.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?—
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of and in vain.—
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold
Far-down, and shining-through-their-stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, - the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.—
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! Thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath fill'd-up the palaces of old -
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play—
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest,—
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—
Give-back the true and brave!

Give-back the lost and lovely ! those for whom
The place was kept, at board and hearth , so long ,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom ,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song !
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown ,—
But all is not thine own !

To-thee the love-of-woman hath gone down ,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head -
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown :—
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead !
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee —
Restore the dead , thou sea !

The Ship Foundering.

Byron.

THEN rose from-sea,-to-sky the wild farewell ,
Then shriek'd the timid and stood-still the brave,—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell ,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,—
And down she suck'd-with-her the whirling wave ,
Like one who grapples with his enemy
And strives to strangle him before he die .

And first one universal shriek there rush'd ,
Louder than the loud ocean , like a crash
Of echoing thunder : and then all was hush'd ,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at-intervals there gush'd ,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash ,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony .

SELECTIONS IN POETRY.

Try Again.

Eliza Cook.

KING-BRUCE-of-Scotland flung-himself down

In a lonely mood, to think ;

'T is true he was monarch and wore a crown ,

But his heart was beginning to sink :

For he had been trying to do a great deed

To make his people glad ;

He had tried and tried , but could not succeed ,

And so he became quite sad .

He flung-himself down in low despair ,

As grieved as man could be ;

And after a while , as he ponder'd there ,

" I 'll give it all up " said he .

Now just-at-the-moment a spider dropp'd ,

With its silken cobweb clue ,

And the king in-the-midst-of-his-thinking stopp'd

To see what the spider would do .

'T was a long way up to the ceiling dome ,

And it hung by a rope so fine ,

That how it would get to its cobweb-home

King Bruce could not divine .

It soon began to cling and crawl

Straight up with strong endeavour ,

But down it came , with a slipping sprawl .

As near to the ground as ever .

Up, up it ran, not-a-second it stay'd
 To utter the least complaint
 Till it fell still lower, and there it laid
 A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady,—again it went,
 And travell'd a half-yard higher;
 'T was a delicate thread it had to tread,
 And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below,
 But again it quickly mounted,
 Till up-and-down now-fast,-now-slow
 Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the king, "that foolish thing
 Will strive no more to climb,
 When it toils so hard to reach and cling.
 And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more,—
 Ah me! 't is an anxious minute,
 He's only a foot from his cobweb door—
 Oh, say! will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch-by-inch,
 Higher and higher he got,
 And a bold little run at-the-very-last-pinch
 Put him into his native spot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out,
 "All honour to those who try!
 The spider up there defied despair—
 He conquer'd, and why should n't I?"

And Bruce-of-Scotland braced his mind :
And gossips tell the tale
That he tried once-more as he tried before ,
And that-time he did-not fail .

Pay goodly heed , all you who read ,
And beware of saying " I can't ,"
'T is a cowardly word and apt to lead
To Idleness - Folly and Want .

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing ;
Con over this strain , try bravely again ,
And remember the Spider and King .

The Secret of the Sea.

Longfellow .

AH ! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea !
All the old romantic legends ,
All my dreams , come back to me :

Sails-of-silk and ropes-of-sandal ,
Such as gleam in ancient lore ;
And the singing of the sailors ,
And the answer from the shore .

Most of all , the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft , and tarries long ;
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
And the sailor's mystic song :

Like the long waves on a sea-beach
Where the sand as-silver shines ,
With a soft mon'tonous cadence ,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines .

Telling how the Count-Arnaldos ,
With his hawk upon his hand ,
Saw a fair and stately galley
Steering onward to the land —

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear
That the sailing *seabird* slowly
Poised upon the mast, to hear ;

Till his soul was full of longing ,
And he cried, with impulse strong ,
“ Helmsman ! for the love of heaven ,
Teach me too that wondrous song !”

“ Wouldst thou,” so the helmsman answer'd ,
“ Learn the Secret of the sea ?
Only those-who-brave-its-dangers
Comprehend its mystery !”

In each sail that skims th' horizon ,
In each landward-blowing breeze ,
I behold that stately galley ,
Hear those mournful melodies ,

Till my soul is full of longing
For the Secret of the sea ,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me .

The Stormy Petrel.

Barry Cornwall.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we
Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
From-billow to-bounding-billow cast ,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :
The sails are scatter'd about like weeds ,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds ;
The mighty cables and iron chains ,
The hull which all earthly strength disdains ,
They strain and they crack ; and hearts of stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown .

Up and down ! up and down !
From the base-of-the-wave to the billows' crown ,
Amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy petrel finds a home ;
A home,—if such a place can be
For her who lives on the wide wide sea
On the craggy ice · in the frozen air —
And only seeking her rocky lair
To warn her young , and teach them to spring
At once o'er-the-waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the deep ! o'er the deep !
Where the whale, and the shark, and the swordfish sleep !
Outflying the blast and the driving rain ,
The petrel telleth her tale in vain :—
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard :
Ah ! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still ;
Yet, he never falters ;—so, petrel ! spring
Once-more o'er-the-waves on thy stormy wing .

*The Happy Life.**Wotton.*

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought ,
And simple truth his utmost skill !
Whose passions not-his-masters are ,
Whose soul is still prepared for death ,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath ;
Who envies none that chance doth raise ,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ,
Nor rules-of-state, but rules of good :
Who hath his life from-rumours freed ,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed ,
Nor ruin make oppressors great .
Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend .
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands :
And having nothing , yet hath all .

Thanksgiving Hymn.

Addison.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !

How sure is their defence !

Eternal wisdom is their guide ,

Their-help Omnipotence .

In foreign realms and lands remote ,

Supported by thy care ,

Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt ,

And breath'd the tainted air .

Thy mercy sweeten'd every toil ,

Made every region please ;

The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd ,

And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas .

Think oh my soul , devoutly think ,

How, with affrighted eyes ,

Thou saw'st the wide extended deep

In all its horrors rise .

Confusion dwelt in every face ,

And fear in every heart ;

When waves-on-waves, and gulfs-on-gulfs,

O'ercame the pilot's art .

Yet then from all my griefs , O Lord ,

Thy mercy set me free ,

Whilst, in the confidence of prayer ,

My faith took hold on thee .

For, though in-dreadful-whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At-thy-command was still.

In midst of dangers - fears, and death,
Thy goodness I 'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preservest my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

Charity.

Prior.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue
Than ever man pronounced, or angels sung:
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth
In all the speeches of the babbling earth:
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire
To weary tortures and rejoice in fire:

Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles and law:
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest!
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send-up unheeded prayer,
That scorn-of-life would be but wild despair;
A cymbal's sound were better than my voice—
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity—decent - modest - easy - kind—
Softens the high, and rears the abject, mind;
Knows, with just reins and gentle hand, to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers as she much believes—
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives,
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough path of peevish nature even,
And opens in-each-heart a little heaven.
Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows;
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its power,
And finishing-its-act exists no more:
Thus, in obedience to what heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail and prophecy shall cease;—
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time nor subject to decay,
In-happy-triumph shall for-ever live,
And endless good diffuse and endless praise receive.
As, through the artist's intervening glass,

Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
 A little we discover, but allow
 That more-remains-unseen than art can show :
 So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
 (Its feeble eye intent on things above)
 High as we may, we lift our reason up,
 By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope ;
 Yet are we able only to survey
 Dawning of beams and promises of day,—
 Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight,
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd :
 The sun shall soon be face-to-face beheld
 In all his robes, with all his glory on—
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant faith, and holy hope, shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy :
 Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity !
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three !
 Thy office, and thy nature, still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
 Shalt still survive——
 Shalt stand before-the-host-of-heaven confest,
 For-ever blessing, and for-ever blest.

True Nobility.

Dryden.

SEARCH we the springs,
 And backward trace the principles of things :
 There shall we find that, when the world began,
 One common mass composed the mould of man ;
 One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd,

And kneaded-up alike with moist'ning blood .
The same Almighty power inspired the frame
With kindled life , and form'd-the-souls the same :
The faculties, of intellect and will ,
Dispensed with equal hand , disposed with equal skill ;
Like liberty indulged, with choice of good or ill .
Thus born alike , from Virtue first began
The difference that distinguish'd man from man :—
He claim'd no title from descent of blood ,
But, that-which-made-him-noble made him good :
Warm'd with more particles of heavenly flame ,
He wing'd his upward flight, and soar'd to fame ;
The rest remained below, a tribe without a name .
This law, though custom now diverts the course ,
As-nature's-institute is yet in force ,
Uncancell'd, though diffused :—and he, whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind ;
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race :
And *he*-commits-the-crime who calls him base .

Daily Prayer.

Vaughan.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil , give thy soul leave
To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty : true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God , as flowers do to the sun ;
Give him thy thoughts then , so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in-him sleep .

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
Dawn with the day : there are set awful hours
Twixt heaven and us ;—the manna was not good
After sun-rising ; for day sullies flowers :
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut ,
And heav'n's gate opens when the world's is shut .

Walk with thy fellow-creatures : note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf , but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing ?
O leave thy cares and follies ! go this way ,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day .

Serve God before the world ; let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing : then resign
The whole unto him , and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine :—
Pour oil upon the stones , and weep for thy sin ;
Then journey on , and have an eye to heav'n .

Mornings are mysteries : the first-world's youth -
Man's resurrection , and the future's bud ,
Shroud in their births ; the crown of life · light · truth
Is styled their star ; the stone and hidden food :
Three blessings wait upon them , one of which
Should move — they make us holy · happy · rich .

When the world's up , and every swarm abroad ,
Keep well thy temper : mix not with each clay ;
Despatch necessities :—life hath a load
Which must be carried on , and safely may :
Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart
Be God's alone , and choose the better part .

Prayer.

Anonymous.

Go when the morning shineth—
Go when the noon is bright,—
Go when the day declineth—
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling—
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in-thy-chamber kneeling,
Do thou in-secret pray.

Remember all-who-love-thee -
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those-who-hate-thee
If any-such there be :
Then for-thyself in-meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link, with each petition,
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
In-solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
Even then the silent breathing,
Of thy spirit rais'd above,
Will reach *his* throne of glory,
Who is mercy-truth and love!

Oh, not a joy or blessing
With *this* can we compare,
The power that he hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer!
Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before his footstool fall:
And remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gives thee all.

Love of England.

Cowper.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still —
My country! And, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most-part deform'd
With dripping rains or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France,
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and, from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence, to flash-down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thunderer there; —and I can feel
Thy follies too; and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminate, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.

On the Abolition of Slavery.

Earl of Carlisle.

PROUDLY on Cressy's tented wold
The lion flag-of-England flew ;
As proudly gleam'd its crimson fold
O'er the dun heights of Waterloo :
But other lyres shall greet the brave ;
Sing now, that we have freed the slave .

The ocean-plain, where Nelson bled ,
Fair commerce plies with peaceful oar ;
Duteous o'er Britain's clime to shed
The gather'd spoil of ev'ry shore :
To-day, across th' Atlantic sea ,
Shout, shout ye, that the slave is free .

And eloquence, in rushing streams ,
Has flow'd our halls and courts along ,
Or kindled, 'mid yet loftier dreams ,
The glowing bursts of glowing song :
Let both their noblest burden pour ,
To tell that slavery is no more .

Bright science through each field of space
Has urged her mist-dispelling car ,
Coy nature's hidden reign to trace -
To weigh each wind and count each star :
Yet stay, thou proud philosophy !
First stoop to bid mankind be free .

And freedom has been long our own ,
With all her soft and gen'rous train ,
To gild the lustre of the throne ,
And guard the labour of the plain :
Ye heirs of ancient Runnymede !
Your slaves—O ! could it be ?—are freed .

Ah ! for the tale the slave could speak ,
Ah ! for the shame of England's sway ;
On Afric sands the madden'd shriek
'Neath Indian suns the burning day :
Ye sounds of guilt—ye sights of gore,—
Away ! for slavery is no more .

Mid the drear haunts of force and strife ,
The ministers-of-peace shall stand ,
And pour the welling words of life
Around a parch'd and thirsty land ;
While, spread beneath the tamarind tree ,
Rise "happy homes and altars free ."

Ye isles, that court the tropic rays ,
Cluster'd on ocean's sapphire breast ;
Ye feath'ry bowers, ye fairy bays ,
In more than fable now "the blest":
Waft on-each-gale your choral strain ,
Till every land has rent the chain .

O England, empire's home and head ,
First in each art of peace and power ;
Mighty the billow-crest to tread ,
Mighty to rule the battle-hour ,
But mightiest to relieve and save !
Rejoice that thou hast freed the slave .

Evening Hymn.

Keble.

T is gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid-from-sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness ,
The traveller on his way must press ;
No gleam to watch on tree or tower ,
Whiling away the lonesome hour .

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear ,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes .

When round thy wondrous works below ,
My searching rapturous glance I throw ,
Tracing-out Wisdom, Power, and Love ,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove ;

Or, by the light Thy words disclose ,
Watch time's full river as it flows ,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence ,
Where not too deep for mortal sense ;—

When with-dear-friends sweet talk I hold ,
And all the flowers of life unfold :—
Let-not my heart within me burn ,
Except in-all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews-of-kindly-sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For-ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

The Sunshine.

Mary Howitt.

I LOVE the sunshine everywhere—
In wood, and field, and glen;
I love it in the busy haunts
Of town-imprison'd men.

I love it, when it streameth in
The humble cottage door ,
And casts the chequer'd casement shade
Upon the red brick floor .

I love it, where the children lie,
Deep in the clovery grass ,
To watch, among the twining roots ,
The gold-green beetle pass .

I love it, on the breezy sea ,
To glance on sail and oar ,
While the great waves, like molten glass ,
Come leaping to the shore .

I love it, on the mountain-tops,
Where sleeps the thawless snow ,
And half a kingdom, bathed in light ,
Lies stretching out below .

O yes, I love the sunshine !
Like kindness, or like mirth ,
Upon a human countenance ,
Is sunshine on the earth .

Upon the earth - upon the sea ,
And through the crystal air ,
Or piled-up clouds , the gracious sun
Is glorious everywhere .

The Convict Ship.

Hervey.

MORN on the waters ! and purple and bright
Bursts on-the-billows the flashing of light ;
O'er-the-glad-waves like a child of the sun ,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail ,
And her pennon streams onward like hope in the gale ;
The winds come around her, and murmur and song ,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along .
See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds ,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in her shrouds :
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray ,
Over the waters, away and away !
Bright as the visions of youth ere they part ,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart !
Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by ,—
Music around her . and sunshine on high ,—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow ,
O ! there be hearts that are breaking below ?

Night on the waves ! and the moon is on high ,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky ,
Treading its depths in the power of her might ,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light .
Look to the waters ! asleep on their breast ,

Seems-not the ship like an island-of-rest ,
Bright and alone on-the-shadowy-main
Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain ?
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light ,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night —
Alone on-the-deep, as the moon in-the-sky ,
A phantom of beauty ,—could deem, with a sigh ,
That so-lovely-a-thing is the mansion of sin ,
And souls that-are-smitten lie bursting within ?
Who, as he watches her silently gliding ,
Remembers that wave-after-wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever ,
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever ?
Or dreams that he watches, afloat on the wave ,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave ?
'T is thus with our life :—while it passes along ,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song ,
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world ,
With streamers afloat and with canvass unfurl'd ;
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes ,
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs :
Fading and false is the aspect it wears ,
As the smile we put-on just to cover our tears ;
And the withering thoughts that the world cannot know ,
Like heart-broken exiles , lie burning below ,
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd and o'er.

The Lighthouse.

Longfellow.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea;

And, on its outer point, some miles away,
The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry —
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance, I can see the tides
Upheaving break along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremour of the face.

And, as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light,
With strange, unearthly, splendour in its glare.

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the grim giant Christopher, it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave;
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells. }

They come forth from the darkness ; and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze :
And eager faces, as the light unveils ,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze !

The mariner remembers, when a child ,
On his first voy'ge he saw it fade and sink ;
And, when returning from adventures wild ,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink .

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame ,
Shines on that unextinguishable light !

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace :
It sees the wild-wind lift it in their grasp ,
And hold it up and shake it like a fleece .

The startled waves leap over it ; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain ,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane .

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries
Blinded and maddened , by the light within
Dashes himself against the glare , and dies .

A new Prometheus, chain'd upon the rock ,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove ,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock ,
But hails the mariner with words of love .

"Sail on"! it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

All have got their Work to do.

Ernest Watmough.

WHY these murmurs and repinings,
Who can alter what is done?•
See the Future brightly shining,
There are goals yet to be won:
Grieving is, at best, a folly,
Oftentimes it is a sin;
When we see a glaring error,
We should a reform begin.
We must all be up and stirring,
With determination true;
Young and old men, rich and poor men,
All have got their work to do.

Though we see, on looking round us,
Man to wickedness is prone,—
Though the snares-of-vice surround us,
Virtue's paths but rarely known;
Well we know that in our nature
Is a spark of life divine,—
We must free the soul from thralldom,
If we wish that spark to shine.
We must all be up and stirring,
With determination true;
Young and old men, rich and poor men,
All have got their work to do.

Life is but a scene of labour ,
 Every one 's his task assign'd ,
 We must each assist our neighbour
 When we see him lag behind ;
 We must strive by education
 Man's condition to improve ,
 And bind men of every station
 In a bond of mutual love .
 All must then be up and stirring ,
 With determination true ;
 Young men - old men - rich men - poor men !
 Ye all have your work to do .

The Fate of the Oak.

Barry Cornwall.

THE owl to her mate is calling ;
 The river his hoarse song sings ;
 But the oak is mark'd for falling ,
 That has stood for a hundred springs .
 Hark ! a blow, and a dull sound follows ;
 A second—he bows his head ;
 A third—and the wood's dark hollows
 Now know that their king is dead .

His arms from their trunk are riven ;
 His body all bark'd and squared ;
 And he 's now, like a felon, driven
 In chains to the strong dock-yard !
 He 's sawn through the middle and turn'd
 For the ribs of a frigate free ;
 And he 's caulk'd, and pitch'd, and burn'd ;
 And now—he is fit for sea !

Oh ! now, with his wings outspread
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be),
He will triumph again, though dead ,
And be dreaded in every sea :
The lightning will blaze about ,
And wrap him in flaming pride :
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout ,
In the fight, from the bold broad-side .

And when he has fought, and won ,
And been honour'd from shore to shore ;
And his journey on earth is done,—
Why, what can he ask for more ?
There is nought that a king can claim ,
Or a poet or warrior bold ,
Save a rhyme and a short-lived name ,
And to mix with the common mould !

Cliffs of Dover.

Mrs. Hemans.

Rocks of my country ! let the cloud
Your crested heights array ,
And rise,-ye like a fortress proud ,
Above the surge and spray !

My spirit greets you as ye stand ,
Breasting the billows' foam :
O ! thus for-ever guard the land ,
The sever'd land of home !

I have left rich blue skies behind ,
 Lighting-up classic shrines ;
And music in the southern wind ,
 And sunshine on the vines .

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
 Have floated o'er my way ;
The pilgrim's voice, at vesper-hours ,
 Hath soothed me with its lay .

The isles of Greece - the hills of Spain -
 The purple heavens of Rome ,—
Yes all are glorious ;—yet again
 I bless thee, land of home !

For thine the Sabbath peace , my land !
 And thine the guarded hearth ;
And thine the dead, the noble band ,
 That makes thee holy earth .

Their voices meet me in thy breeze ;
 Their steps are on thy plains ;
Their names, by old majestic trees ,
 Are whisper'd round thy fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
 Of thine exulting sea :
O be it still a joy, a pride ,
 To live and die for thee !

The Heart.

As the tender flower opens its leaves to the sun ,
So the young heart expands in affection's bright ray ;
And all its deep treasures-of-love may be won ,
Which, until that heart's broken, can know no decay :
'Neath cold withering glances, the young heart will shrink !
As the flower is shut up when the warm sun is fled ;
Each cold look and word we feel severing some link
Which was twined round the heart and naught left in
their stead .

As ripe fruit and fair flowers are produced by the light
And the heat of the warm sun's meridian glow ,
Thus the heart's latent energies spring to their height
When nursed in the beams which affection bestow .
As the fairest of fruit will decay in the blast —
As the sweetest of flowers will wither away —
So these energies weaken, their vigour is past ,
When clouds of unkindness have darken'd the day .

As the waters of some sparkling streamlet will swell
To the brink, so the heart's tender gushings will rise;
How deep is the source of its fount who shall tell —
Though enbosom'd in earth, it may spring to the skies :
But if those affections are check'd in their flow ,
Like some lake's stagnant bosom whose banks never
bloom ,
Soft pity in vain o'er its surface may blow
Like faint zephyrs which stir not the deep-settled
gloom .

The Mariner's Wife.

W. J. Mickle.

BUT are ye sure the news is true ?

And are ye sure he 's weel ?

Is this a time to think o' wark ?

Ye jauds , sing by your wheel .

For there 's nae luck about the house ,

There 's nae luck at a ' ,

There 's nae luck about the house ,

When our gudeman's awa .

Is this a time to think o' wark ,

When Colin's at the door ?

Rax down my coat — I 'll to the quay ,

And see him come ashore .

Rise up and make a clean fireside ,

Put on the mickle pot ;

Gie little Kate her cotton gown ,

And Jock his Sunday's coat .

And mak their shoon as black as slaes ,

Their stockins white as snaw ;

It 's a ' to pleasure our gudeman —

He likes to see them brow .

There are twa hens into the crib

Hae fed this month and mair ,

Mak haste and thraw their necks about

That Colin weel may fare .

My Turkey slippers I'll put on ,
 My stockins, pearly blue —
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman ,
 For he's baith leal and true .

Sae sweet his voice - sae smooth his tongue -
 His breath's like caller air -
 His very fute has music in 't
 As he comes up the stair .

And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought :
 In troth I'm like to greet .

For there's nae luck about the house ,
 'There's nae luck at a' -
 There's nae luck about the house
 When our gudeman's awa .

N i g h t.

Bowring.

O NIGHT ! how beautiful thy golden dress ,
 On which so many stars like gems are strew'd ,
 So mild and modest in thy loveliness -
 So bright, so glorious in thy solitude !
 The soul soars upwards on thy holy wings ,
 Through the vast ocean-paths of light sublime .
 Visits a thousand yet-unravell'd things ;
 And, if its memories look to earthly time
 And earthly interests, 't is as in a dream —
 For earth and earthly things but shadows seem ,
 While heaven is substance, and eternity .

That is Thy temple, Lord! 'tis worthy Thee,
 And in it Thou hast many a lamp suspended
 That dazzles not, but lights resplendently:—
 And there Thy court is—there Thy court, attended
 By myriad myriad messengers: the song
 Of countless and melodious harps is heard,
 Sweeter than rill, or stream, or vernal bird,
 The dark and melancholy woods among.
 And golden worlds in that wide temple glow,
 And roll in brightness in their orbits vast;
 And there the future mingles with the past,
 An unbeginning, an unending Now.

Song to Spring.

SPRING! spring! beautiful spring! *(Swar.)*
 Hitherward cometh like hope on the wing.
 Pleasantly looketh on streamlet and flood,
 Raiseth a chorus of joy in the wood -
 Toucheth the bud, and it bursts into bloom -
 Biddeth the beautiful rise from the tomb -
 Blesseth the heart like a heavenly thing!
 Spring! spring! beautiful spring!
 Song sweetly saluteth the morn -
 The robin awaketh and sits on the thorn -
 Timidly warbles while yet, in the east,
 Twilight from duty has not been released -
 Calleth the lark that ascendeth on high,
 Greeting the sun in the depth of the sky -
 Telleth the talented blackbird to sing—
 Welcome! O welcome! beautiful spring!

The Builders.

Longfellow.

ALL are architects of Fate,
 Working in these walls of Time;
 Some with massive deeds and great;
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
 Each thing in its place is best;
 And what seems but idle show
 Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
 Time is with materials filled;
 Our to-days and yester-days
 Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these,
 Leave no yawning gaps between;
 Think not, because no man sees,
 Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
 Builders wrought with greatest-care
 Each minute and unseen part,—
 For the gods are everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen;
 Make the house, where gods may dwell,
 Beautiful - entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete ,
 Standing in these walls of time ;
 Broken stair-ways, where the feet
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base ;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place .

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach of sky .

Go On !

J. Baxter Langley .

Go on ! go on ! no moments wait
 To help the right ;
 Be strong in faith , and emulate
 The virtues of the good and great
 With all thy might—

Go on !

Go on ! go on ! the skies may lower .
 The storm may burst ;
 Unshaken in the trial-hour ,
 Good purposes shall give-thee power
 To brave the worst—

Go on !

Go on ! go on ! thou canst not tell
Thy mission here :
Whate'er thou doest, labour well ,
Nor let a doubt within thee dwell
On coward fear—

Go on !

Go on ! go on ! 't is never late
To act thy part ;
Thy stern resolves shall conquer fate ,
And springs of happiness create
Within thy heart !—

Go on !

Go on ! go on ! no guerdon seek
For thy reward ;
But, while heroic , be thou meek ,
And, from thy heart and from thy cheek ,
Be pride debarr'd :

Go on !

Go on ! go on ! thy Master's ear
And constant eye
Observe each groan - each struggling tear :
He, 'midst the shadows dark and drear ,
Is standing by—

Go on !

Go on ! go on ! oh, doubt it never —
This strife-with-wrong
Is fated not to last for ever ,
But, if we boldly make endeavour ,
Will cease ere long !

Go on !

The Weaver's Song.

Barry Cornwall.

WEAVE, brothers, weave!—Swiftly throw
 The shuttle athwart the loom;
 And show-us how brightly your flowers grow
 'That have beauty but not perfume:
 Come, show-us the rose, with a hundred dyes—
 The lily, that hath no spot—
 The violet, deep as your true-love's eyes,
 And the little forget-me-not.

Sing, sing, brothers! weave and sing,
 'Tis good both to sing and weave;
 'Tis better to work than live idle,
 'Tis better to sing than grieve.

Weave, brothers, weave!—Weave and bid
 The colours-of-sunset glow!
 Let grace in-each-gliding-thread be hid,
 Let beauty about-ye blow:
 Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,
 And your hands both firm and sure;
 And time nor chance shall your work untwine,
 But all—like a truth—endure!
 So, sing, brothers, &c.

Weave, brothers, weave!—Toil is ours;
 But toil is the lot of man;
 One gathers the fruit—one gathers the flowers—
 One soweth the seed again!
 There is not a creature, from England's king
 To the peasant that delves the soil,
 That knows half the pleasure the seasons bring,
 If he have not his share of toil.
 So, sing, brothers, &c.

*The Beacon Fire.**Sir Walter Scott.*

. THE evening fell ,
 T was near the time of curfew-bell ;
 The air was mild · the wind was calm ,
 The stream was smooth · the dew was balm ;
 E'en the rude watchman, on the tow'r ,
 Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour —
 Far-more fair-Margaret loved and bless'd
 The hour of silence and of rest .
 On-the-high-turret sitting lone ,
 She waked at-times the lute's soft tone ·
 Touch'd a wild note, and all-between
 Thought of the bower of hawthorns green :
 Her golden hair stream'd free from band -
 Her fair cheek rested on her hand ;-
 Her blue eyes sought the west afar ,
 For lovers love the western star .

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen ,
 That rises slowly to her ken ,
 And, spreading-broad its wavering light ,
 Shakes its loose tresses on the night ?
 Is yon red glare the western star ?—
 Oh ! 't is the beacon-blaze of war !
 Scarce could she draw her tighten'd breath
 For well she knew the fire of death !

The warder view'd it blazing strong ,
 And blew his war-note loud and long

Till, at the high and haughty sound ,
 Rock · wood and river rung around .
 The blast alarm'd the festal hall ,
 And startled forth the warriors all ;—
 Far downward, in the castle-yard ,
 Full many a torch and cresset glared ;
 And helms and plumes, confusedly toss'd ,
 Were in-the-blaze half-seen, half-lost ;
 And spears in-wild-disorder shook
 Like reeds beside a frozen brook .

* * * *

Sweet Teviot ! on thy silver tide ,
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;
 No-longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willowed shore :
 Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill ,
 All, all is peaceful , all is still ,
 As if thy waves, since Time was born ,
 Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed ,
 Had only heard the shepherd's reed ,
 Nor started at the bugle-horn ;

Unlike the tide-of-human-time ,
 Which, though it change in ceaseless flow ,
 Retains each grief, retains each crime ,
 Its earliest course was doom'd to know ,
 And darker, as it downward bears ,
 Is stain'd with past and present tears .

The Patriot's Prayer for England.

Thomson :

ISLAND of bliss ! amid the subject seas
That thunder round thy rocky coasts set up ,
At once the wonder · terror and delight
Of distant nations, whose remotest shore
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arms ;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea wave !
O Thou by-whose-almighty-nod the scale
Of-empire rises, or alternate falls ,
Send forth the saving virtues round-the-land
In bright patrol : white peace and social love -
The tender-looking charity, intent
On gentle deeds and shedding tears through smiles -
Undaunted truth and dignity of mind -
Courage, composed and keen · sound temperance ,
Healthful in heart and look · clear chastity ,
With blushes reddening as she moves-along
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ·
Rough industry · activity untired ,
With-copious-life inform'd and all awake ;
While in-the-radiant-front superior shines
That first-paternal-virtue public-zeal ,
Who throws o'er-all an equal wide survey ,
And, ever musing on the common weal ,
Still labours glorious with some great design .

Men of England.*Campbell.*

MEN of England ! who inherit
Rights that cost-your-sires their blood !
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood !

By the foes ye 've fought uncounted ,
By the glorious deeds ye 've done ,
Trophies captured - breaches mounted -
Navies conquer'd - kingdoms won !

Yet remember ! England gathers
Hence but-fruitless wreaths of fame
If the virtues of-your-fathers
Glow-not in-your-hearts the same .

What are monuments-of-bravery
Where no public virtues bloom ?
What avail in-lands-of-slavery
Trophied temples - arch and tomb ?

Pageants !—let the world revere-us
For our people's rights and laws
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause .

Yours are Hampden's - Russell's glory ,
Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story ,
Worth a thousand Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled
 Crown'd and mitred tyranny :
 They defied the field and scaffold ,
 For their birthrights; so will we .

Home Happiness.

Thomson.

HAPPY they ! the happiest of their kind !
 Whom gentle stars unite, and in-one-fate
 Their hearts - their fortunes and their beings blend .
 'T is not the coarser tie of-human-laws ,
 Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind ,
 That binds their peace , but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love ,
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power ,
 Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable and sympathy of soul :
 Thought meeting thought , and will preventing will ,
 With boundless confidence ; for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure .

What is the world to them ,
 Its pomp - its pleasure and its nonsense all !
 Who in-each-other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms , and lavish hearts can wish ?
 Something than-beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind or mind-illumined face ;
 Truth - goodness - honour - harmony and love ,
 The richest bounty of indulgent heaven .

Meantime, a smiling offspring rises round ,
And mingles both their graces. By-degrees
The human blossom blows , and every day ,
Soft as it rolls along , shows some new charm ,
The father's lustre and the mother's bloom .
The infant reason grows apace , and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care .
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought -
To teach the young idea how to shoot ,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind -
To breathe th' enlivening spirit and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast .
Oh, speak the joy ! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while ye look around
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss ,
All-various nature pressing on the heart :
An elegant sufficiency . content .
Retirement . rural quiet . friendship . books .
Ease and alternate labour . useful life .
Progressive virtue and approving heaven :—
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ,
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus ,
As ceaseless round-a-jarring-world they roll ,
Still find them happy, and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads —
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ,
When, after the long vernal day of life
Enamour'd more as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love ,
Together down they sink in social sleep ;
Together freed, their spirits fly
To scenes where love-and-bliss immortal reign .

Victoria's Tears.*Barrett.*

"O MAIDEN, heir of kings,
 A king has left his place;
 The majesty-of-death has swept
 All other from his face.
 And thou upon-thy-mother's-breast
 No longer lean adown —
 But take the glory for the rest,
 And rule the land that loves thee best."
 The maiden wept;
 She wept to wear a crown.
 They deck'd her courtly halls -
 They rein'd her hundred steeds -
 They shouted at-her-palace-gate
 "A noble Queen succeeds!"
 Her name has stirr'd the mountains' sleep,
 Her praise has fill'd the town:
 And mourners God-had-stricken-deep
 Look'd hearkening up, and did not weep!
 Alone she wept
 Who wept to wear a crown.
 She saw no purple shine,
 For tears had dimm'd her eyes:
 She only knew her childhood's flowers
 Were happier pageantries!
 And while-the-heralds-play'd-their-part,
 For million shouts to drown —
 "God save the Queen" from hill to mart, —
 She heard, through all, her beating heart,
 And turn'd and wept!
 She wept to wear a crown.

God save thee, weeping Queen !
 Thou shalt be well beloved ,
 The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
 As those pure tears have moved :
 The nature in-thine-eye we see
 Which tyrants cannot own —
 The love that guardeth liberties ;
 Strange blessing on the nation lies
 Whose sovereign wept ,
 Yea wept to wear its crown .

God bless thee, weeping Queen !
 With blessing more divine ,
 And fill with-better-love , than earth's ,
 That tender heart of thine ;
 That when the thrones-of-earth shall be
 As-low-as-graves brought down ,
 A piercèd hand may give to-thee
 The crown which angels wept to see :
 Thou wilt not weep
 To wear that heavenly crown .

Godiva.

Tennyson.

Not only we, the latest seed of Time ,
 New men, that in-the-flying-of-a-wheel
 Cry-down the past—not only we, that prate
 Of rights and wrongs,—have loved the people well ,
 And loathed to see them overtax'd ; but she
 Did more, and underwent, and overcame ,
 The woman of a thousand summers back ,
 Godiva, wife to that grim Earl who ruled
 In Coventry : for—when he laid a tax
 Upon his town , and all the mothers brought-

Their-children clamouring "If we pay, we starve"—
She sought her lord and found him where he strode
About-the-hall among-his-dogs alone,
His beard a-foot-before-him and his hair
A-yard-behind; she told-him of their tears,
And pray'd him "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as these?"—"But I would die" said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And, from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered "Ride you nakèd through the town,
And I repeal it"; and, nodding as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions-of-her-mind,
As winds from-all-the-compass shift and blow,
Made war upon-each-other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From-then till-noon no foot should pace the street-
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut and window barr'd.

Then fled-she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at-a-breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer-moon
Half-dipt in cloud! anon she shook her head

And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee -
 Unclad-herself in haste - adown-the-stair
 Stole on, and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
 From-pillar,-unto-pillar until she reach'd
 The gateway : there she found her palfrey trapt
 In purple blazon'd with armorial gold .

Then she rode-forth clothed on with chastity :—
 The deep air listen'd round her as she rode ,
 And all the low wind hardly breath'd for fear ;
 The little wide-mouth'd heads-upon-the-spout
 Had cunning eyes to see - the barking cur
 Made her cheek flame - her palfrey's footfall shot
 Like-horrors through her pulses - the blind walls
 Were full of chinks and holes, and overhead
 Fantastic gables crowding stared : but she
 Not-less through-all bore-up till last she saw
 The white-flower'd elder-thicket from-the-field
 Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall .

Then she rode-back clothed on with chastity :—
 And one low churl—compact of thankless earth ,
 The fatal byword of all years to come ,—
 Boring a little auger-hole , in-fear
 Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will ,
 Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head ,
 And dropt before him : so the Powers, who wait
 On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused ;
 And she, that knew not, pass'd ;—and all-at-once ,
 With twelve great shocks of sound , the shameless noon
 Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers ,
 One after one ; but even then she gain'd
 Her bower,—whence re-issuing robed and crown'd
 To meet her lord , she took the tax away
 And built-herself an everlasting name .

The Last Minstrel.

Scott.

THE way was long · the wind was cold ,
The minstrel was infirm and old ;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray ,
Seem'd to have known a better day -
The harp his sole remaining joy ,
Was carried by an orphan boy :
The last-of-all-the-bards was he ,
Who sang of Border chivalry ;
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled ,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ,
And he, neglected and oppress'd ,
Wish'd to be with them and at rest .
No more, on-prancing-palfrey borne ,
He caroll'd light as lark at morn ;
No-longer courted and caress'd ,
High-placed in-hall a welcome guest ,
He pour'd to lord and lady gay
'The unpremeditated lay ;—
Old times were changed · old manners gone ,
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne :
The bigots of the iron-time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime .
A wandering harper, scorn'd and poor ,
He begg'd-his-bread from-door-to-door !
And tuned to-please-a-peasant's-ear
The harp a *king* had loved to hear .

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
The minstrel gazed with wistful eye —
No humbler resting-place was nigh .
With-hesitating-step at-last
The embattled portal-arch he pass'd
Whose ponderous gate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd-back the tide of war ,
But never closed-the-iron-door
Against the desolate and poor .
The Duchess mark'd his weary pace .
His timid mien and reverend face ,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend-the-old-man well :
For she had known adversity ,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom ,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied
And the old man was gratified ,
Began to rise his minstrel pride :
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain ,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak ,
He thought e'en yet, the sooth to speak ,
That, if she loved the harp to hear ,
He could make music to her ear .

The humble boon was soon obtain'd ;
The aged minstrel audience gain'd .
But, when he reached the room of state
Where she with all her ladies sate ,
Perchance he wished his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried ,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please ;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain ,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain —
He tried-to-tune-his-harp in vain .
The pitying Duchess praised its chime ,
And gave him heart, and gave him time ,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then he said he would full fain
He could recal an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again ;—
It was not framed for village churls ,
But for high dames and mighty earls ;
He had played it to King-Charles-the-Good
When he kept court in Holyrood :
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try
The long-forgotten melody .

Amid-the-strings his fingers stray'd
And an uncertain warbling made ,
And oft he shook his hoary head :
But when he caught the measure wild ,
The old man raised his face and smiled ;
And lighted-up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy !

In varying cadence, soft or strong ,
 He swept the sounding chords along :
 The present - scene, the future lot ,
 His toils · his wants, were all forgot ;
 Cold diffidence and age's frost
 In the full tide of song were lost ;—
 Each blank, in faithless memory void ,
 The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
 And, while his harp responsive rung ,
 'T was thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung .

M e r c y .

Shakespeare .

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain-from-heaven ,
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes .
 'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown :—
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power ,
 The attribute to awe and majesty ,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;—
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings :
 It is an attribute of God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy season's justice : Think of this ,
 That in-the-course-of-justice none-of-us
 Should see salvation . We do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy .

The Young Lochinvar.

Scott.

THE young Lochinvar is come out of the west !
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And, save his good broadsword , he weapon had none ,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone .
So faithful in love, and so gallant in war ,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar .

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone ,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate ,
The bride had consented ;—the bridegroom came late ;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war ,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar .

So, boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall ,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
“ O come ye in peace here , or come ye in war ,
Or to dance at our bridal , young Lord Lochinvar ?”

“ I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide :
And now I am come with this lost love of mine ,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine .
There are maidens-in-Scotland more lovely by far ,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar .”

The bride kiss'd the goblet ; the knight took it up ,
He quaffed-off the wine and he threw-down the cup :
She looked-down to blush, and she looked-up to sigh ,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye .
He took her soft hand . ere her mother could bar —
“ Now tread we a measure ! ” said young Lochinvar .

So stately his form, and so lovely his face ,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume ,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bridesmaids whisper'd, “ 'T were better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar . ”

One touch to her hand , and one word in her ear ,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood
near ;
So light to-the-croupe the fair lady he swung ,
So light to-the-saddle-before-her he sprung !
“ She is won ! we are gone, over bank - bush and scaur ;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow , ” quoth young Loch-
invar .

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters - Fenwicks and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran :

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee ,
But the lost bride-of-Netherby ne'er did they see .
So daring in love, and so gallant in war ,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar .

The Country Clergyman.

Goldsmith.

Near yonder copse, where once a garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all-the-country dear,
And passing-rich with forty pounds a-year.
Remote-from-towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wished to change, his place:
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,—
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;—
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd:
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow;
And quite forgot-their-vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to-relieve-the-wretched was his pride ,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But, in-his-duty prompt at every call ,
He watch'd and wept - he pray'd and felt for all .
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies ,
He tried each art - reproved each dull delay -
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way .
Beside the bed where parting life was laid ,
And sorrow - guilt and pain by-turns dismay'd ,
The reverend champion stood : at his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came-down the trembling wretch to raise ,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise .
At church , with meek and unaffected grace
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from-*his*-lips prevail'd with double sway ,
And fools who-came-to-scoff remain'd to pray .
The service past , around-the-pious-man
With-ready-zeal each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile ,
And pluck'd-his-gown to share the good man's smile .
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd ;
Their welfare pleased him , and their cares distress'd :
To-them his heart - his love - his griefs were given ,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven ;
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form ,
Swells from the vale , and midway leaves the storm—
Though round-its-breast the rolling clouds are spread ,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head .

Poetical Portraits.*Macnish.***SHAKESPEARE.**

His was the wizard spell,
The spirit to enchain:
His grasp o'er-Nature fell;
Creation own'd his reign.

MILTON.

His spirit was the home
Of aspiration high!
A Temple whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

THOMSON.

The seasons as they roll
Shall bear thy name along;
And graven on the soul -
Of-nature live thy song.

GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,
The lightnings-of-his-eye
Scar the black thunder-cloud
He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre,
With ardent grasp and strong;
And made his soul-of-fire
Dissolve itself in song.

SOUTHEY.

Where Necromancy flings
O'er-Eastern-lands her spell;
Sustained on Fable's wings,
His spirit loves to dwell.

COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell,
Working in pale moonlight,
From Superstition's cell
Invokes each satellite!

WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon
Philosophy's pure shrine;
And, placed by Nature's throne,
Composed each placid line.

CAMPBELL.

With all that Nature's fire
Can lend to polish'd Art,
He strikes his graceful lyre
To thrill or warm the heart.

SCOTT.

He sings, and lo! Romance
Starts from its mould'ring urn,
While Chivalry's bright lance
And nodding plumes return.

WILSON.

His strain like holy hymn
Upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of Cherubim
In mountain vale remote:

HEMANS.

To bid the big tear start
Unchallenged from its shrine ,
And thrill the quiv'ring heart
With pity's voice, are thine .

SHELLEY.

A solitary rock
In a far distant sea ,
Rent by the thunder's shock ,
An emblem stands of thee !

HOGG .

Clothed in the rainbow's beam ,
'Mid strath and pastoral glen ,
He sees the Fairies' gleam
Far from the haunts of men .

BYRON .

Black clouds his forehead bound ,
And at his feet were flowers :
Mirth - Madness - Magic found
In him their keenest powers .

MOORE .

Crown'd with perennial flowers,
By Wit and Genius wove ,
He wanders through the bowers
Of Fancy and of Love .

Boudicca.*Comper.*

WHEN the British warrior Queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods:

Sage beneath the spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief:

“ Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
’T is because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

“ Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr’d,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“ Rome, for-empire far renown’d,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

" Other Romans shall arise
Heedless of a soldier's name ;
Sounds, not arms , shall win the prize ,
Harmony the path to fame ;—

" Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land ,
Arm'd with thunder · clad with wings ,
Shall a wider world command :

" Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew ,
None invincible as they ."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire ,
Bending, as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre .

She, with all a monarch's pride ,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rush'd to battle · fought and died :
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe,

" Ruffians, pitiless as proud ,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due :
Empire is on-us bestow'd ;
Shame and ruin wait for you ."

Destruction of Sennacherib.

Byron.

THE Assyrian came-down like-a-wolf on the fold ,
And his cohorts were gleāming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea ,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee .

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green ,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown ,
That host on-the-morrow lay wither'd and strawn .

For the angel-of-death spread his wings on the blast ,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes-of-the-sleepers wax'd deadly and chill ,
And their hearts but-once heaved, and for-ever grew still .

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide ,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride :
And the foam-of-his-gasping lay white on the turf ,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf .

And there lay the rider distorted and pale ,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent - the banners alone ,
The lances unlisted - the trumpets unblown .

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail ,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might-of-the-Gentile unsmote by-the-sword
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

To the Bramble Flower.

Elliot.

THY fruit full-well the school-boy knows ,
Wild bramble of the brake !
Go put thou forth thy small white rose :
I love it for his sake .

Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers ,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers ;

For dull the eye , the heart is dull ,
That cannot feel how fair ,
Amid-all-beauty beautiful ,
Thy tender blossoms are .

How delicate thy gaudy frill .
How rich thy branchy stem .
How soft thy voice when woods are still
And thou sing'st hymns to them !

While silent flowers are falling slow ,
And, 'mid the general hush ,
A sweet air lifts the little bough ,
Lone whispering through the bush !

The primrose to the grave is gone -
The hawthorn flower is dead -
The violet by the moss'd gray stone
Hath laid her weary head !

But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring
And boyhood's bloss'ming hour.

Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

The Sun.

Byron.

Most glorious orb! that wert a worship ere
The mystery of thy making was revealed!
Thou earliest minister of th' Almighty,
Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
Themselves in orizons! Thou material god!
And representative of th' Unknown,
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star,
Centre of many stars, which makest our earth
Endurable, and temperest the lives
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes
And those that dwell in them! for near or far
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost rise
And shine - and set in glory.

Anthony's Funeral Oration.

Shakespeare.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend-me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar , not to praise him .
The evil, that men do , lives after them ;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones :
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told-you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it .
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest ,
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men ;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral .
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man .
He hath brought many captives home to Rome ,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man .
You all did see that on-the-Lupercal
I thrice presented-him a kingly crown
Which he did thrice refuse : Was-this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And sure he is an honourable man .
I speak, not to disprove what Brutus spoke ,
But here I am to speak what I do know .

You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you , then , to mourn for him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts ,
And men have lost their reason .—Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar ,
And I must pause till it come back to me .

If you have tears , prepare to shed them now .
You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'T was on a summer's evening in his tent ,
That day he overcame the Nervii :—
Look ! in-this-place ran Cassius' dagger through !
See, what a rent the envious Casca made !
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd ;
And, as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away ,
Mark how the blood-of-Cæsar follow'd it !
As rushing-out-of-doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no :
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel ;
Judge, O ye gods ! how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This, this was the unkindest cut of all ;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab ,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms ,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in-his-mantle muffling-up his face ,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all-the-while ran blood , great Cæsar fell .
Oh, what a fall was there , my countrymen !
Then I and you and all-of-us fell down ,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us .

Oh now you weep ; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops .
Kind souls ! what weep-you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture, wounded ? look-you here !
Here is himself, marr'd-as-you-see by traitors .

Good friends, sweet friends , let-me-not stir-you up
To any sudden flow of mutiny .
They that have done this deed are honourable :
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know-not ,
That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable ,
And will no-doubt with-reason answer you .
I come not , friends , to steal away your hearts ;—
I am no orator as Brutus is ;
But, as ye know me all , a plain blunt man
That loves my friend : and that they know full well
That gave-me public leave to speak of him :—
For I have neither wit nor words nor worth -
Action nor utterance nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know .
Show-you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths !

And bid them speak for me . But, were I Brutus
And Brutus Anthony, there were an Anthony
Would ruffle-up your spirits , and put a tongue
In-every-wound-of-Cæsar that should move
The stones-of-Rome to rise and mutiny .

The Soldier's Dream.

Campbell.

OUR bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on-the-ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that-night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At-the-dead-of-the-night a sweet vision I saw;
And, twice, ere the cock-crow I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far had I roam'd on a desolate track,
Till autumn and sunshine arose on the way
To the home-of-my-fathers that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung:

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From-my-home-and-my-weeping-friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd-me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us! rest! thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in-my-dreaming-ear melted away!

*Exquisite.**Dr. Armstrong.*

BEHOLD the labourer-of-the-globe, who toils
 In dust - in rain - in cold and sultry skies :
 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood ,
 Naught anxious he what sickly stars ascend .
 He knows no laws by-Esculapius given ;
 He studies none :— Yet him nor midnight fogs
 Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
 When rabid Sirius fires the autumnal noon :
 His habit pure with plain and temperate meals .
 Robust with labour, and by-custom steel'd
 To every casualty of varied life ;
 Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast ,
 And uninfected breathes the mortal south .

Such the reward of rude and sober life ,
 Of labour such . By-health the peasant's toil
 Is well repaid if exercise were pain
 Indeed , and temperance pain : By-arts-like-these
 Laconia nursed of-old her hardy sons :
 And Rome's unconquer'd legions urged their way
 Unhurt through every toil, in every clime .

Toil and be strong . By-toil the flaccid nerves
 Grow firm , and gain a more compacted tone .
 Come my companions , ye who feel the charms
 Of nature and the year : come, let us stray
 Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk ;
 Come while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
 The fleecy heavens - enwrap the limbs with balm
 And shed a pleasing langour o'er the soul .
 Nor when bright Winter sows with-prickly-frost
 The vigorous ether, in-unmanly-warmth

Indulge at home ; nor, e'en when Eurus' blasts
 This-way-and-that convolve the lab'ring woods ,
 My liberal walks, save when the skies, in rain
 Or fogs , relent , no season should confine
 Or to the cloistered gallery or arcade .
 Go, climb the mountain ; from the ethereal source ,
 Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
 Beams o'er the hills : Go, mount the exulting steed .

Toil and be strong. Some love the manly foils ;
 The tennis some ; and some the graceful dance :
 Others, more hardy, range the purple heath
 Or nakèd stubble ; where from-field-to-field
 The sounding coveys urge their lab'ring flight ;
 Eager amid-the-rising-cloud to pour
 The gun's unerring thunder ;—and there are
 Whom still the Meed of-the-Green-Archer charms .
 But, if, through genuine tenderness of heart
 Or secret want of relish for the Game ,
 You shun-the-glories-of-the-Chase nor care
 To haunt the peopled Stream , the Garden yields
 A soft amusement, an humane delight .
 To raise the insipid nature of the ground ,
 Or tame-its-savage-genius to the grace
 Of careless sweet rusticity that seems
 The amiable result of happy chance ,
 Is to create, and gives a godlike joy
 Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
 To check the lawless riot of the trees -
 To plant the grove , or turn the barren mould .
 ' 'brice-happy days ! in-rural-labours pass'd :
 Oldest Winter-nights ! when, as the genial fire
 Cheers the old Hall , his cordial family

With-soft-domestic-arts the hours beguile ,
 And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame
 With-witless-wantonness to hunt-it-down :
 Or through-the-Fairy-land-of-tale-or-song
 Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
 Engaged and all that strikes humanity ;
 Till, lost in fable , they the stealing-hour-
 Of-timely-rest forget. Sometimes, at-eve
 His neighbours lift the latch , and bless,-unbid
 His festal roof ; while, o'er the light repast
 And sprightly cups , they mix in social joy ;
 And through-the-maze-of-conversation trace
 Whate'er amuses or improves the mind .

Happiness.

Pollok.

TRUE Happiness has no localities -
 No tones provincial - no peculiar garb .
 Where Duty goes , she goes ; with-Justice goes ,
 And goes with Meekness - Charity and Love .
 Where'er a tear is dried - a wounded heart
 Bound up - a bruised spirit with-the-dew-
 Of-sympathy anointed , or a pang-
 Of-honest-suffering soothed or injury-
 Repeated-oft as-oft by-love forgiven ;
 Where'er an evil passion is subdued ,
 Or virtue's feeble embers fann'd ; - where'er
 A sin is heartily abjured, and left :
 Where'er a pious act is done , or breathed
 A pious prayer, or wish'd a pious wish ;—
 There, is a high and holy place, a spot
 Of sacred light - a most religious fane ,
 Where Happiness, descending , sits and smiles .

*Indolence.**Thomson :*

It was not by vile loitering in ease
 That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art ;
 That soft, yet ardent, Athens learn'd to please -
 To keen the wit and to sublime the heart,
 In all supreme ! complete in every part !
 It was not thence majestic Rome arose ,
 And o'er-the-nations shook her conq'ring dart :
 For-sluggard's-brow the laurel never grows ;
 Renown is not the child of indolent repose .

Had unambitious mortals minded naught
 But in-loose-joy their time to wear away -
 Had they alone the lap-of-Dalliance sought ,
 Pleased on-her-pillow their dull heads to lay ,
 Rude nature's state had been our state to-day ;—
 No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised ,
 No arts had made us opulent or gay :
 With-brother-brutes the human race had grazed ;
 None e'er had soar'd to fame , none honour'd been . none
 praised :—

Great Homer 's song had never fired the breast
 To thirst of glory and Heroic deeds ;
 Sweet Maro 's muse, sunk in inglorious rest ,
 Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds ;—
 The wits-of-modern-times had told their beads ,
 And monkish legends been their only strains ;
 Our Milton 's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds ,
 Our Shakespeare stroll'd-and-laugh'd with Warwick-
 swains,
 Nor had my Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains .

*Caledon.**Scott.*

STRANGER! if e'er thine ardent step hath traced
The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
Where the proud Queen-of-Wilderness hath placed
By-lake-and-cataract her lonely throne!
Sublime,-but-sad delight thy soul hath known,
Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
Listing where from-the-cliffs the torrents thrown
Mingled their echoes with the eagle's cry
And with the sounding lake and with the moaning sky.

Yes! 't was sublime—but sad. The loneliness
Loaded thy heart, the desert tired thine eye;
And strange and awful fears began to press
Thy bosom, with a stern solemnity:—
Then hast thou wish'd some woodman's cottage nigh,
Something that show'd of life, though low and mean:
Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke to spy;
(Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol would have been,
Or children, whooping-wild beneath the willows green.)

Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur wakes
An awful thrill, that softens into sighs:—
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes;
In dark Glencoe, such gloomy raptures rise:
Or farther, where beneath the northern skies
Chides wild Loch Eribol his caverns hoar;—
But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize,
Of desert-dignity, to that dread shore
That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin roar.

Adam's Morning Hymn.

Milton.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good !
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ! Thyself how wondrous then ,
Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heavens ,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowliest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought , and power divine .
Speak ye who best can tell , ye sons-of-light,
Angels ; for ye behold Him , and, with songs
And choral symphonies, day-without-night
Circle His throne , rejoicing ;—ye in heaven -
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first - Him last - Him midst and without end .
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night ,
If better thou belong not to the dawn ;
Sure pledge-of-day that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet , praise-Him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime .
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul ,
Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st
And when high noon hast gain'd and when thou fall'st .
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun - now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ,
And ye five other wand'ring fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song ; resound
His praise , who out-of-darkness call'd-up light .
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb , that in-quaternion run
Perpetual circle - multi-form , and mix ,

And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
 Vary, to our great Maker , still new praise .
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise ,
 From hill or streaming lake , dusky or grey
 Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold ;
 In honour to the world's great Author , rise,
 Whether to deck-with-clouds the uncolour'd sky
 Or wet the thirsty earth with fallen showers ,
 Rising-or-falling still advance His praise .
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow ,
 Breathe soft or loud. And wave your tops ye pines ,
 With every plant ; in sign of worship wave .
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow ,
 Melodious murmurs , warbling tune His praise .
 Join all ye living souls ; ye birds
 That singing up to-heaven's-gate ascend ,
 Bear, on your wings and in your notes , His praise .
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth and stately tread or lowly creep ;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even ,
 To hill or valley . fountain or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song and taught His praise .
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
 To give-us only good ; and if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil or conceal'd ,
 Disperse-it, as now light dispels the dark .

The Losty Lords.

An Eastern Legend.

THERE 's an isle far off, under India's skies ,
 Where the mariner oft at-eve descries,
 When the heavens are calm and the winds asleep ,
 Dark ruins beneath the shining deep ;

Of towers upbuilt, as the tale is told ,
By Lords of that isle in days of old ,
Who, aping the Babel-builders' skill ,
Heaped stone on stone , aspiring still ,
Till, lodged aloft on their piles of pride ,
Earth - sea and heaven these Lords defied .

But little they knew, when towering so ,
What a mighty power was at work below ,
For on-land-usurp'd-from-the-Giant-Sea
They had built their halls of dignity ,
Nor dreamt, while high-in-air they slept ,
Of the world of waters that round them swept ,
And the working waves that day-by-day
Were mining their massive mounds away .

In vain did the wise, whose prescient ear
The coming crash in each breeze could hear ,
Forewarn these Lords-of-the-lofty-towers
How vast were the deep's encroaching powers -
How mighty the waves of that angry sea
Coming like crested chivalry ;
It was all in vain—unmoved they stood ,
Like Canute each to-the-swelling-flood
Saying " Thou comest not to this spot ."
But the surging waters heard them not :
In-the-light-of-heaven one-instant shone
Both Lords and towers, and the next—were gone ;
Dark over-them swept the mighty main ,
And the Giant-Sea had his own again .

The Blessedness of Giving.

(From Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine, June, 1856.)

O GIVE because thou lovèst Him
Who died thy soul to save ;
Who wash'd-thee in His precious blood
And all thy blessings gave !
Give all the glory unto God ,
And to-His-glory live !
A sacrifice-of-love to-him
Thy soul and body give :

Then turn thee to thy fellow-man ,
His wretchedness behold :—
Worn down by poverty and pain ,
And misery untold !
Millions of Heathen crave thy help —
In the true riches poor ,—
While hundreds pine in want and woe
E'en at thy very door .

Oh, give not with a niggard hand,
Nor with a grudging heart ;
That which-thou-freely-hast-receiv'd
With-bounteousness impart !
Thou shalt be rich in orphan's love ,
The poor shall bless thy name !
Where wilt thou find reward more sweet?
More satisfying fame ?

It may not be the widow's mite ,
It may but be a smile ;
Yet it may ease some heavy heart ,
Some sufferer's pain beguile :

Offer the prayer of faith, and thou
 Shalt a rich donor be,—
 Blest and rewarded by the God
 Who seeth secretly.

But, oh, give not with haughtiness,
 Give not with hateful pride!
 Thou wilt but mock the poor man's woe,
 His misery deride:
 Thy gifts may cheer him, but on thee
 No love will he bestow;
 Far dearer those who poor, like him,
 Can love and kindness shew.

And, when a banquet thou dost make,
 Call not the rich and gay;
 Call not alone thy neighbours who
 Thy kindness can repay;—
 But call the hungry and the halt—
 The maimed and the blind;
 They cannot pay thee,—thou in heav'n
 Thy recompense shalt find!

Deny thyself, that thou may'st give;
 So shalt thy simple fare
 Be sweeter to thy happy soul
 Than dainties rich and rare.
 Oh may'st thou know how blest it is
 For others' weal to live;
 Thy pleasure in thy Saviour's smile,
 Thy luxury to give!

Oh, give to Gentile and to Jew!
 To heathen and to poor!
 Lay-up thy treasures in that world
 Where treasures shall endure!
 Water, and thou shalt water'd be!
 Give—and it shall be given!
 Sow far and wide, that thou may'st keep
 Thy harvest-home in heaven!

Decisive Change at Waterloo.

Scott.

ON came the whirlwind—like the last
 But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast;
 On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
 Like lightning through the rolling smoke:
 The war was waked anew;
 Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud,
 And from-their-throats, with flash and cloud,
 Their showers-of-iron threw.
 Beneath-their-fire in-full-career
 Rush'd-on the ponderous cuirassier -
 The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
 And, hurrying as to havoc near,
 The cohorts' eagles flew.
 In one dark torrent broad and strong,
 The advancing onset roll'd along,
 Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim
 That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,
 Peal'd wildly the Imperial name.
 But on the British heart were lost
 The terrors of the charging host;
 For not an eye, the storm that view'd,
 Changed its proud glance of fortitude.

Nor was one forward footstep staid ,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead .
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear ,
Fast they renew'd each serried square ;
And, on the wounded and the slain ,
Closed their diminish'd files again ;
Till, from their line scarce spears'-lengths three ,
Emerging-from-the-smoke they see
Helmet and plume and panoply .

Then waked their fire at once !
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast - as regularly fell

As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day . .

Then down went helm and lance -
Down were the eagle-banners sent -
Down reeling steeds and riders went -
Corslets were pierced and pennons rent ;

And, to augment the fray ,
Wheel'd full against-their-staggering-flanks .
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way :

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords - the neigh of steeds :
As plies the smith his clanging trade ,
Against-the-cuirass rang the blade ;
And, while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way ,—
And, while amid their scatter'd band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand ,—
Recoiled, in common rout and fear ,
Lancer, and guard, and cuirassier ,
Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host ,
Their leaders fall'n - their standards lost .

Ginerva.

Rogers.

SHE was an only child ; from-infancy
The joy - the pride of an indulgent sire ;
And in-her-fifteenth-year became a bride ,
Marrying an only son , Francesco Doria ,
Her playmate-from-her-birth and her first love .
She was all gentleness - all gaiety ,
Her pranks the fav'rite theme of ev'ry tongue .
But now the day was come , the day - the hour ;
Now , frowning , smiling , for the hundredth time ,
The nurse , that ancient lady , preach'd decorum ;
And , in the lustre of her youth , she gave
Her hand , with her heart in it , to Francesco .

Great was the joy ; but , at the bridal feast
When all sat down , the bride was wanting there ,
Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried
" 'T is but to make a trial of our love ! "
And fill'd his glass to all ; but his hand shook ,
And soon from-guest,-to-guest the panic spread .
'T was but-that-instant she had left-Francesco
Laughing and looking-back and flying still ,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger :
But now , alas ! she was not to be found ;
Nor from-that-hour could anything be guess'd
But that she was not ! Weary of his life ,
Francesco flew to Venice ; and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk .

Her father lived ; and long might'st thou have seen
 An old man wand'ring as in quest of something,
 Something he could not find—he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remain'd awhile
 Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers .

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot ,
 When, on an idle day, a day of search
 Mid the old lumber in the gallery ,
 That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 't was said
 By one so young, as thoughtless , as Ginevra ,
 " Why not remove it from its lurking-place ? "
 'T was done as soon as said : but on-the-way
 It burst - it fell ; and lo ! a skeleton !
 With here-and-there a pearl - an emerald-stone -
 A golden-clasp clasping a shred of gold ,—
 All-else had perish'd ! save a nuptial ring ,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy ,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both ,
 " Ginevra."—There then had she found a grave !
 Within-that-chest had she conceal'd herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
 When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there ,
 Fasten'd her down for-ever !

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

Gray.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day .
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea -
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way ,
 And leaves the the world to darkness and to me .

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight:

And all the air a solemn stillness holds;

Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,

The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,

Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms - that yew-tree's shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in-his-narrow-cell for-ever laid,

The rude forefathers-of-the-hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn -

The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed -

The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn

No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For-them no-more the blazing hearth shall burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening care;

No children run to lisp their sire's return,

Or climb-his-knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to-their-sickle yield;

Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:

How jocund did they drive their team a-field!

How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry - the pomp of power,
And all that beauty - all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul!

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 'The dark unfathom'd caves-of-ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste-its-sweetness on the desert air!

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 'The little tyrant-of-his-fields withstood -
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest -
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats-of-pain and ruin to despise, -
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined—
Forbade to wade-through-slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind; -

The struggling pangs-of-conscious-truth to hide -
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way!

Yet e'en these bones from-insult to protect ,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh ,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd ,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh .

Their name - their years, spell'd by th' unletter'd muse ,
The place of-fame-and-elegy supply
And many a holy text around she strews ,
To teach the rustic moralist to die .

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey ,
This pleasing - anxious being e'er resign'd ,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day ,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
E'en from-the-tomb the voice-of-Nature cries ,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires !

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead ,
Dost in-these-lines their artless tale relate ,
If, 'chance , by-lonely-Contemplation led
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say
" Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn ,
Brushing, with hasty steps , the dews away ,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn .

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at-noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering-his-wayward-fancies he would rove;
Now drooping · woful · wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed-with-care, or cross'd in hopeless love!

"One-morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill ·
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside-the-rill,
Nor up-the-lawn, nor at-the-wood was he:—

"The next with-dirges-due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stoffe beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to-fortune-and-to-fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd-not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to-misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from-heaven, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

No-further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in-trembling-hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Trust in God's Providence.

Thomson.

THINK not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears -
While on-the-roof the howling tempest bears;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe-these-shivering-limbs again:
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air!
To-them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Naught but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet your kind Heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky:
He hears their gay and their distressful call,
And with-unsparing-bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with theirs compare?
What king so shining? or what queen so fair?

If ceaseless thus the fowls-of-heaven He feeds.
If o'er-the-fields such lucid robes He spreads;
Will he not care for you? ye-faithless say!
Is He unwise? or are ye less than they?

Christmas.

Scott.

HEAP-on more wood ! the wind is chill ;
But, let it whistle as it will ,
We 'll keep our Christmas merry still .
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer ;—
E'en, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At-Iol more-deep the mead did drain ;
High-on-the-beach his galleys drew ,
And feasted all his pirate crew :
Then, in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall ,
They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer -
Caroused in seas of sable beer ,
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone ;
Or listen'd all, in grim delight ,
While Scalds yell'd-out the joys of fight .
Then forth in-frenzy would they hie ,
While wildly-loose their red locks fly ,
And, dancing round the blazing pile ,
They make such barbarous mirth the while
As best might to the mind recal
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall .

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd ,
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train .

Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night :
On-Christmas-eve the bells were rung ;
On-Christmas-eve the mass was sung :
That only night, in all the year ,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear .
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dress'd with holly green ;
Forth to-the-wood did merry-men go
To gather-in the mistletoe .
Then open'd-wide the Baron's hall
To vassal - tenant - serf and all ;
Power laid his rod-of-rule aside ,
And Ceremony doff'd her pride .
The heir, with roses in his shoes ,
That-night might village-partner choose ;
The lord underogating share
The vulgar game of " post and pair ."
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight
And general voice , the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown ,
Brought tidings-of-salvation down .

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied ,
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
The huge hall-table's oaken face ,
Scrub'd-till-it-shone the day to grace ,
Bore then, upon its massive board ,
No mark to part the squire and lord .

Then was brought-in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man ;
Then the grim boar's-head frown'd on high
Crested with bays and rosemary .
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell
How - when and where the monster fell ;
What dogs before-his-death he tore ,
And all the baiting of the boar .
The wassel round, in good brown bowls
Garnish'd with ribands , blithely trowls .
There the huge surloin reek'd ; hard-by
Plum porridge stood, and Christmas pie :
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide , her savoury goose .
Then came the merry masquers in ,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din ;
If unmelodious was the song ,
It was a hearty note, and strong .
Who lists may in-their-mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery :
White shirts supplied the masquerade ,
And smutted cheeks the visors made ;
But oh ! what masquers, richly dight ,
Can boast of bosoms half so light !
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports agen .
'T was Christmas broach'd the merriest ale ;
'T was Christmas told the merriest tale :

A Christmas-gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year .

Still linger in our northern clime
Some remnants of the good old time ;
And still within-our-valleys here
We hold the kindred title dear ,
Even when, perchance, its far-fetch'd claim
To-southern-ear sounds empty name ;
For course-of-blood our proverbs deem
Is warmer than the mountain stream .
And thus my Christmas still I hold
Where my great-grandsire came of old .

Luath y Gair.

Byron .

AWAY, ye gay landscapes ! ye gardens of roses !
In-you let the minions-of-luxury rove ;
Restore me the Rocks, where the snow-flake reposes ,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love .
Yet, Caledonia ! beloved are thy mountains ,
Round their white summits though elements war ;
Though cataraacts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr .

Ah ! there my young footsteps in-infancy wander'd ,
My cap was the bonnet · my cloak was the plaid ;
On chieftains-long-perished my memory ponder'd
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade :

I sought-not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star:
For Fancy was cheer'd by traditional story
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale:
Roand Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starr'd, though brave, did-not visions foreboding
Tell-you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,
Victory crown'd-not your fall with applause;
Still were you happy in death's early slumber;
You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar;
The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse e'er I tread-you again;
Nature of-verdure-and-flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved on the mountains afar!
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!

The Covenanter's Dream.

Hislop.

IN a dream of-the-night I was wafted away
To the moorlands-of-mist where the bless'd martyrs lay,
Where Cameron's sword and Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green :

'T was a dream of the ages of darkness and blood ,
When the minister's home was the mountains and wood ;
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the standard-of-Zion
All bloody and torn 'mong-the-heather was lying .

It was morning, and summer's bright sun from-the-east
Lay in lovely repose on the green mountains's breast ;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glisten'd sheen 'mong the heathbells and mountain-flowers
blue ;

And, far up in heaven, in the clear shining cloud ,
The song-of-the-lark was melodious and loud ;
And, in Glenmuir's wild solitude , lengthen'd and deep
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep .

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed nothing but glad-
ness ;
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness -
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights , of green July's bright morning :

But, ah ! there were hearts cherish'd far-other feelings ,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings ,
Who drank naught from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

T was the few faithful ones, who with Cameron were lying
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl were
crying ,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty
covering .

Their faces were pale , and their swords were unsheathed ;
But the vengeance, that darken'd their brow , was un-
breathed :

With eyes raised-to-Heaven in meek resignation ,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation .

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing ,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing ;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter ,
As the hosts of th' ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter .

Though in mist , and in darkness and fire , they were
shrouded ,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded :
Their dark eyes shot lightning as, proud and unbending ,
They stood like the rock which the lightning is rending .

The muskets were flashing - the blue swords were gleam-
ing ,
The helmets were cleft and the red blood was streaming .
The heavens were dark and the thunder was rolling ,
While in-Wellwood's-dark-moorlands the mighty were
falling .

When the righteous were fall'n , and the combat had
ended ,
A chariot-of-fire through-the-dark-cloud descended ,
Its attendants were angels, and cherubs of whiteness ,
And its burning wheels turn'd upon axles of brightness .

A seraph unfolded-the-doors bright and shining ,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining ;
And the souls, that came forth out of great tribulation ,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation .

On the arch of the rainbow , the chariot is gliding :
Through the paths of the thunder , the horsemen are
riding !
Glide swiftly, bright spirits ! the prize is before ye ,
A crown never-fading - a kingdom of glory .

My Mother.

Kirk White.

And canst thou, mother, for a moment think
 , That we thy children , when old age shall shed
 Its blanching honours on thy weary head ,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
 Than we ungrateful leave thee in-that-day
 To pine in-solitude thy life away ,
Or shun thee tottering on the grave's cold brink .

Banish the thought !—Where'er our steps may roam—
 O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,—
 Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee ,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;
 While duty bids us all thy grief assuage ,
 And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age :

The Glory of the Latter Days.

Logan.

BEHOLD the mountain-of-the-Lord

In-latter-days shall rise

Above the mountains and the hills ,

And draw the wondering eyes !

To-this the joyful nations round ,

All tribes and tongues , shall flow ;

“ Up-to-the-hill-of-God ”, they say ,

“ And to-his-house we ’ll go .”

The ` beam that shines from Zion’s hill :

Shall lighten every land .

The ` king who reigns in Salem’s towers ’

Shall all-the-world command :

Among-the-nations he shall judge .

His judgments truth shall guide .

His sceptre shall ` protect the just ,

And quell the sinner’s pride ‘ :—

No strife shall rage , nor hostile feuds

Disturb those peaceful years ;

To-ploughshares men shall beat their swords -

To-pruninghooks their spears :

No-longer hosts encountering-hosts

Shall crowds-of-slain deplore ;

They hang-the-trumpet in the hall ,

And study-war no more .

Come then O house of Jacob, come

To worship at his shrine ;

And, walking in the light of God ,

With-holy-beauties shine .

*England.**Robert Montgomery.*

FRONTING the wave-environed shore of France ,
And bulwark'd with her everlasting main,
O'er-which the cloud-white cliffs sublimely gaze,
Like genii, rear'd for her defence ; behold
The Isle-queen !—every billow sounds her fame !
The Ocean is her proud triumphal car
Whereon she rideth, and the rolling waves
The vassals which secure her victory :
Alone, and matchless in her sceptred might ,
She dares the world. The spirit of the brave
Burns in her ; laws are liberty : and kings
Wear crowns that glitter with a people's love ,
And, while undimm'd , their glory aye endures ;
But, once dishonour'd,—and the sceptre falls ,
The throne is shaken—patriot voices rise ,
And, like storm'd billows, by-the-tyrant-gale
Awaken'd ,...loud and haughty is their roar !

Heaven-favour'd land ! of grandeur, and of gloom ,
Of mountain pomp, and majesty of hills !
Though other climates boast , in-thee supreme
A beauty and a gentleness abound ;
Here all that can soft-worship claim , or tone
The sweet sobriety of tender thought ,
Is thine : the sky of blue intensity ,
Or charmed-by-sunshine into picture-clouds ,

That make-bright-landscapes when they blush abroad -
The dingle gray, and wooded copse, with hut
And hamlet, nestling in the bosky vale ,
And spires brown peeping o'er the ancient elms ,
And steepled cities, faint and far away ,
With all that bird and meadow - brook and gale
Impart,—are mingled for admiring eyes
That love to banquet on thy blissful scene .

But Ocean is thy glory ; and methinks
Some musing wanderer by-the-shore I see
Weaving his island-fancies.—Round-him, rock
And cliff, whose gray trees mutter to the wind ,
And streams down-rushing with a torrent ire :
The sky seems craggy, with her cloud-piles hung
Deep-mass'd, as though embodied thunder lay
And darken'd in a dream-of-havoc there !—
Before-him, Ocean, yelling in the blast ,
Wild as the death-wail of a drowning host :
The surges,—be they tempests as they roll,
Lashing their fury into living foam ,
Yon war-ship shall outbrave them all !—her sails
Resent the winds, and their remorseless howl ;
And, when she ventures the abyss of waves ,
Remounts - expands her wings, and then—away !
Proud as an eagle dashing through the clouds .

And well, brave scion of the empress Isle ,
Thy spirit mingles with the mighty scene ,
Hailing thy country on her ocean-throne .

But she hath dread atonements to complete,
 And bloody tears to shed. Thy lofty dreams,
 O England! may be humbled yet; behold
 The war-clouds rise,—beware! for 'in thine own
 Great heart' the darkness-of-rebellion breeds,
 And frowns-of-heaven hang awful o'er thy doom!

What meanest thou, O sleeper?

From "Hymns for the Church Militant."

SINNER! rouse-thee from thy sleep!

Wake—and o'er-thy-folly weep;

Raise thy spirit dark and dead:

Jesus waits, his light to shed.

Wake from sleep! arise from death!

See the bright and living path:

Watchful tread that path; be wise;—

Leave thy folly - seek the skies.

Leave thy folly - cease from crime,

From-this-hour redeem thy time;

Life secure without delay,

Evil is the mortal day.

Be not blind and foolish still;

Call'd of Jesus, learn his will:

Jesus calls from death and night;

Jesus waits to shed his light.

The Coral Island.

James Montgomery.

I MARK'D a whirlpool in perpetual play ,
As though the mountain were itself alive,
And catching-prey on-every-side with feelers
Countless-as-sunbeams · slight as gossamer .

Compress'd like wedges - radiated like stars -
Branching like sea-weed · whirled in dazzling rings -
Subtle and variable as flickering flames ,
Sight could not trace their evanescent changes ,
Nor comprehend their motions , till minute
And curious observation caught the clue
To this live labyrinth,—where every one ,
By instinct taught , perform'd its little task .

Millions of millions thus from-age,-to-age ,
With simplest skill, and toil unweariable ,
(No moment and no movement unimproved)
Laid-line on line , on-terrace terrace spread ,
To swell the heightening · brightening - gradual mound ,
By-marvellous-structure climbing toward the day .

Omnipotence wrought in them · with them · by them ;
Hence ` what Omnipotence-alone could do '
Worms did. I saw the living-pile ascend ,
The mausoleum of its architects,
Still dying upwards as their labours closed :
Slime the material ; but the slime was turn'd
To-adamant by their petrific touch ;

Frail were their frames · ephemeral their lives ,
 Their masonry imperishable. * * * * *
 * * * * * A point at first ,

It peered above those waves a point so-small
 I just perceived it fix'd where all was floating ;
 And, when a bubble cross'd it , the blue film .
 Expanded like a sky above the speck :
 That speck became a handbreadth ; day and night
 It spread - accumulated and ere-long
 Presented to-my-view a dazzling plain,
 White-as-the-moon amid the sapphire-sea .

Compared with this amazing edifice ,
 Babel's stupendous folly, though it aim'd
 To scale heaven's battlements , was but a toy,
 The plaything of the world in infancy .

' Nine-times the age of man ' that coral-reef
 Had bleach'd beneath the torrid noon, and borne
 The thunder of a thousand hurricanes,
 Raised, by the jealous ocean, to repel
 'That strange encroachment on his old domain .

Fragments of shells - dead sloughs - sea-monsters' bones-
 Whales stranded in the shallows - hideous weeds
 Hurl'd out-of-darkness by the uprooting surges ;
 These, with unutterable relics more ,
 Heap'd the rough surface, till the various mass,
 By-Nature's-chemistry combined and purged ,
 Had buried-the-bare-rock in crumbling mould .

All seasons were propitious ; every wind ,
 From the hot siroc to the wet monsoon ,
 Temper'd the crude materials ; while heaven's dew
 Fell on-the-sterile-wilderness as sweetly
 As though it were a garden of the Lord .

The Book of Nature.

Keble.

THERE is a book who runs may read ,
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need ,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts .

The works-of-God , above - below -
Within-us and around ,
Are pages-in-that-book to show
How God-himself is found .

The glorious sky, embracing all ,
Is like the Maker's love ;
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In-peace-and-order move .

The moon above , the Church below ,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow ,
Each borrows of its sun :

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill ;
The saints, like stars , around-His-seat
Perform their courses still .

The saints-above are stars in Heaven ;
What are the saints on earth ?
Like trees they stand whom God has given
Our Eden's happy birth :

Faith is their fix'd unsevering root ,
Hope their unfading flower ;
Fair deeds-of-charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower .

'The dew-of-Heaven is like Thy grace ;
It steals in-silence down ;
But where-it-lights the favour'd place
By-richest-fruits is known .

One Name above all glorious names ,
' With its ten-thousand tongues ,'
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs .

The raging fire - the roaring wind
Thy boundless power display ;
But in-the-gentler-breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way .

Two worlds are ours : 't is only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within
Plain as the sea and sky .

Thou who hast giv'n-me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair ;
Give me a heart to find-out Thee ,
And read Thee everywhere !

The Recompense of the Reward.

Doddridge .

My soul, with all thy waken'd powers ,
Survey the heavenly prize ,
Nor let these glittering toys-of-earth
Allure thy wandering eyes .

The splendid crown which-Moses-chose
Still beams around his brow ;
While soon the king of Egypt's pride
Was taught in-death to bow .

The joys and treasures of-a-day
I cheerfully resign ;
Rich in the everlasting store
Secured by grace divine .

Let fools my wiser choice deride ,
Angels and God approve ;
Nor scorn-of-men nor rage-of-hell
My steadfast soul shall move .

With ardent eye , that bright reward
I daily will survey ;
And in-the-glorious-prospect lose
The sorrows of the way .

Knowledge and Wisdom.

Cowper .

KNOWLEDGE and wisdom , far from being one ,
Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men ,—
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own :
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
'The mere materials with-which Wisdom builds ,
'Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted into place '
Does but encumber what it seems t' enrich .
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much ,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more .

The Best kept till Last.

Keble.

THE heart of childhood is all mirth :

We frolic to and fro

As free and blithe as if on earth

Were no such thing as woe.

But if, indeed, with reckless faith

We trust the flattering voice

Which whispers "Take thy fill ere death

Indulge thee and rejoice" —

Too surely every setting day

Some lost delight we mourn ;—

The flow'rs all die along our way,

Till we, too, die forlorn.

Why should we fear youth's draught of joy

If pure would sparkle less ?

Why should the cup the sooner cloy

Which God hath deign'd to bless ?

Who but a Christian through all life

Youth's blessing may prolong ?

Who through the world's sad day of strife

Still chant his morning song ?

Fathers may hate us or forsake,—

God's foundlings then are we :

Mother on child no pity take,—

But we shall still have Thee.

We may look home, and seek in-vain
 A fond fraternal heart,—
 But Christ hath giv'n his promise plain
 To do a brother's part.

Nor shall dull age as-worldlings-say
 The heavenward flame annoy:—
 The Saviour cannot pass away,
 And with-Him lives our joy.

Ever the richest, tenderest glow
 Sets round th' autumnal sun—
 But there life fails: no heart may know
 The bliss when life is done.

Such is thy banquet, dearest Lord;
 O give-us-grace to cast
 Our lot with thine, to trust thy word,
 And keep-our-best till last!

H O N O U R .

Shakespeare.

LET none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity .
 Oh that estates . degrees and offices
 Were not derived corruptly ; that clear honour
 Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !
 How many then should cover that stand bare !
 How many be commanded that command !
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour ! How much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times ,
 To be new-varnish'd !

Future State of the Soul.

Shakespeare.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well,—
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'T is the divinity that stirs within us;
'T is heaven herself that points-out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

[Laying his hand upon his sword].

Thus I am doubly arm'd; my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in-a-moment brings me to an end;
But *this* informs-me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away - the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements -
The wreck-of-matter and the crash of worlds!

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